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A

REMINISCENT RECORD

OF

Joel & Caroline Warder Cadbury

OF

1840-71

PHILADELPHIA

AND THEIR

NINE CHILDREN.

1840-1871.

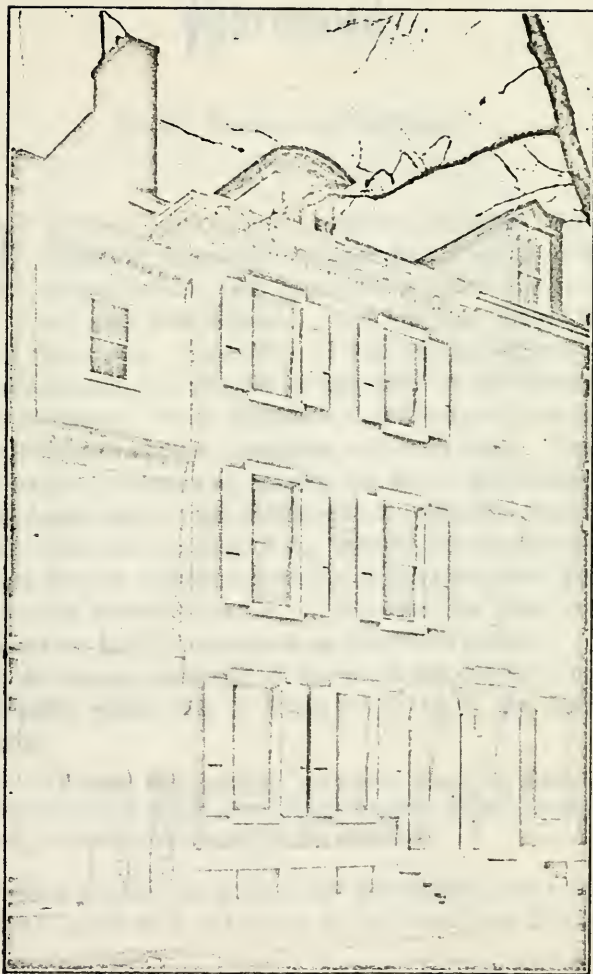


BY

SARAH CADBURY.

1912.

1813495



NUMBER 9 FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1840—1862

THE TWO ROOMS OVER THE GATE ARE A LATER ADDITION.



Mountains and Forests
 (Faint text, possibly a title or description)

Foreword.

TO MY NIECES AND NEPHEWS.

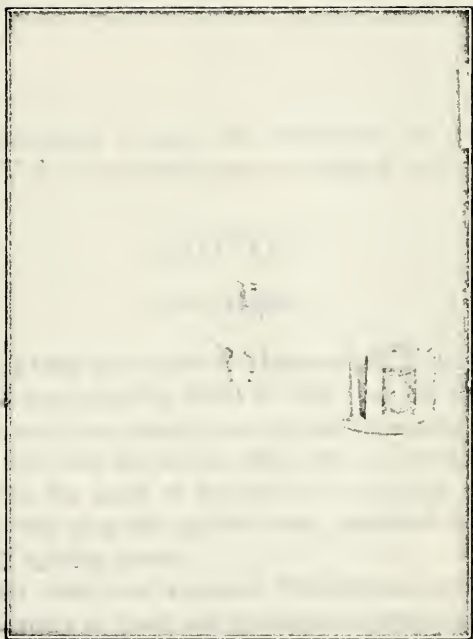
MY brother Joel's eldest daughter, Elizabeth Bartram, frequently expressed the wish that I should write an account of our early home life in order that it might not pass into oblivion. The following *Record* is the result of that desire. I present it to you, the descendants of my parents, believing that you will be interested in the intimate life of your forebears. From Elizabeth, from Joel and from Emma I have received valuable assistance in various ways. The wish to give as vivid a picture as possible has led to preserving insignificant details which tend to that effect. The time limit naturally fell within the compass of the mature years of my parents; but it has been of sufficient elasticity to move backward and forward to round out the narrative. If you study the Table you will understand the family connections as mentioned herein.

In the closing paragraph of the will of my mother's mother, Ann Warder, dated 12th of Sixth month 1828, she expresses this desire :

"I hope that nothing may ever occur to disturb that harmony which has always existed in our family and so much contributed to my comfort."

Here is a legacy for all of us her descendants, and I commit it to you to carry on in the future as has been done in the past.

Sarah Cadbury.



The author in 1905.

Number Nine Franklin Square.*

It seems fitting to open this record with the home where nine children of our parents grew into manhood and womanhood.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE.

Number Nine was one of two houses built by Daniel Dorney in 1840 and purchased by father in that year for his residence. Between it and Vine street were vacant lots over which pigs roamed at will, and on which, ultimately, a row of houses was erected. To the south of the two new dwellings a cemetery, bounded on the west by Eighth street, extended to the row of houses built to Race street.

Number Nine was a typical Philadelphia house of three stories and attics in front, and double three story back buildings. On the ground floor a large parlor with two front and two back windows, was the family living room for the evening, and in frequent use during the day. From the entry leading to the dining

*In contrast with the present condition of that neighborhood, it was then a superior residential district, as attested by the families who lived there. The same holds true as regards the family homes built by John Warder early in the century at Third and Race.

room a door opened to the yard, and from the passage between dining room and kitchen another door led to the yard. From this passageway the back stairs mounted the three flights to the rooms of back buildings, two on each floor ; and then ascended to the roof or flat, which was enclosed by a railing, and where most of the clothes were dried when mother ceased putting the wash out. Fancy at the present day our maids carrying the wash for a large family to the fourth floor to be dried in the open air !

One stepped from the kitchen into a large shed open in front ; on the opposite side of the yard there was another, a playshed for the children.

The kitchen originally was furnished with a cook stove and an open fireplace till father put in a range for cooking. I can remember the " tin kitchen " used for roasting meat in front of the fire, frequent basting by the cook being necessary, done with a long spoon with the gravy dripping from the meat as it roasted. In 1860 uncle John Cadbury sent an English spit for cooking meat ; suspended on a hook at the end of a long brass crane, it turned by mechanism ; but it was not suited to our use. Having survived six removals of our household goods, at the present writing it has found a place as a curio in the home of Joel's eldest son.

In the cellar was a pit or vault, in lieu of a present day refrigerator, in which provisions were kept cool. Once when father and mother were absent from home the vault became flooded. Cousin Caroline Janney had come to be caretaker of the young housekeeper Elizabeth, bringing her brother Charles with her, so he occupied himself standing on the vault steps and sailing bits of wood on the water. During the first winter the one small furnace was totally insufficient to heat the house, and every one suffered from the cold. Mother used to warm a pillow on which to lay the baby by sitting on it till it was permeated with the warmth of her body. By another winter the small heater was

transferred to the back cellar and a large one installed at the front. Both furnaces were cared for by father.

On the second and third floors, above the parlor, were four bed rooms; one of the garrets was used for the same purpose. The nursery was over the dining room, and a sleeping room over it. Opening from the latter was the book closet, a small room in itself, with a window giving light, and shelves filled with books, among them a row of Parley's Magazine in their red binding. We often sat on the window seat to read. The corresponding nursery closet contained a large (and rather battered) tin canister in which were kept Elizabeth's gingerbreads. These small, round cakes were in great favor by all who ate them.

A store room over the kitchen lives in my memory chiefly for the large cones of white sugar which were chopped into fragments for the table. On the walls hung the cages of mother's canary birds.

We had few animal pets. William brought from Haverford school a pigeon, which, when it died, was buried with ceremony in the garden. It used to run up and down before a looking glass bowing and cooing. A pet cat of Emma's, one of two kittens mother brought from England, the other having run away, was also, when dead, carefully buried in the yard. Her attempt to own a chicken was promptly quenched by its being sent back to the country from whence she had brought it.

In later years when the family had diminished in size the third floor back building rooms were given to John and Joel for their bed- and sitting-room, and were furnished with their pictures and other possessions brought from Europe.

The long sofa, covered with hair cloth and still in use, stood in the nursery, and many a doll's party was given by the little girls on its roomy seat. It was originally purchased for the parlor at 119 Race street. There was an open fireplace in the nursery, probably of use for the babies, as I do not recall any fire

laid in it. The large closets, so dear to heart of the housekeeper, were in plenty throughout the house.

The garret was a joyful playground. Here the youngest four had their tea parties with little dishes, water, milk, ginger cakes, etc. The large baby house belonging to Caroline was here, and it was a treat to the little sisters to play in it. Then there was a huge box with a lid, containing bed quilts and comfortables. Into this box we youngsters would leap and pretend we were surrounded by wild beasts, enjoying the alarm and the refuge of the box. Even the feather beds stored there in summer were no discouragement to our pleasure. As to the condition of its contents after these raids—we draw a veil!

In the garret was the rocking horse, a gift purchased with money sent by uncle John Cadbury of Birmingham to his namesake John, who was born in 1827 and died in 1832. It seemed a stately beast and much larger than it appears at the present day, being still in existence in custody of our oldest nephew. But it held several of us on its back and on the runners, the movable tail permitting the hind rider to hold on by the cavity left by discarding the tail. A warming pan hanging on the wall gave forth many a resounding clang as the small boy clapped its brazen lid to and fro. Another of his delights was to "publicly spank the hams" hanging from the ceiling; as a ham gave way it fell to the floor and left its mark on the floor. Need I say which boy it was? All was grist that came to the mill of those children when noise or adventure was in the seeking!

The yard was a delightful place for play. It extended the full length of the house with a gate opening on the street, and the whole width between the two houses, narrowing at the front. A long garden bed on each side was kept supplied with snow berry, day lilies, and other plants. There was some fruit, too, as Emma writes to Haverford, "Joel, there are a great quantity of currants on thy bush, and there is a *gooseberry* on the bush."

Rose bushes were trained on lattice work on Dorney's wall, one of its uses proved to give us athletic exercise in climbing. Soon after going to live at Number Nine father had the yard paved with flagstones in place of brick. The stone mason was Henry S. Tarr. It was his first job, well done and promptly paid for—perhaps \$150. This gave him a good start in business, and I have heard it said that after father's death he wished to erect a tombstone over the kind friend of his early years.

And so the yard became a clean and pleasant playground for the children and their friends. Of those who frequented it I only recall our two cousins Horatio C. Jr. and John B. Wood, but I believe others accompanied John and Joel from school to join our play. But before school days the hydrant was a favorite resource for Joel. Supposing him quietly seated beside his mother, she would suddenly miss him and find him in the yard squirting water from the nozzle. It was from the yard that Elizabeth one day beheld Sarah and Emma adventurously stepping out the back garret window down the steep roof to the gutter. Horror-stricken, she was afraid to call, but then and there decided that to keep children from school owing to the death of a relative was not always the best disposal of them. The neighbors Justice on Vine street were so panic-stricken with the garret window exploits that our parents had a bar fastened across each window as a preventative to climbing out. Another venture of these two was to hang out the store-room windows holding on by the sill. Fortunately these activities led to no disastrous results.

I have not mentioned the portico of the house. A long entry running back of the store-room led to the bath-room and the porch enclosed with a low railing which overlooked the house yard and the grave yard. Sometimes we would climb down from the portico into the grave yard, though how we got *up* again I cannot remember. No heat was supplied to this outlying portion of the house, and in winter the water was turned off. Two win-

dows opened respectively over the grave yard (shutters kept closed) and on to the portico.

At first lamps were in use throughout the house, but when gas was introduced I remember the beauty of the plated gas fixtures in the parlor, one a side light of several joints over the centre table.

The house of course was carpeted throughout, and every summer the carpets were taken up and matting substituted on all floors.

Much of the furniture of that early day is still in use. Some of it was made for the home on Race street between Third and Fourth, and in that day numbered 119. The mahogany sofa and chairs were the workmanship of James Kite in 1838, and you will remember them in the parlors of all our subsequent homes; a few of the chairs helped to furnish John W's parlor when he married, after the breaking up of the parental home. Both of our large mahogany wardrobes were made for use in "119" Race.

In the back parlor at Franklin street was the large reclining chair of hair cloth, in later years passed over to Joel's home, and from him has now found its place in that of his eldest son. Against the wall stood our present dining-room extension table, a large leaf table being used in the dining-room for the family. The two mahogany stands with square tops containing two drawers and a shallow pocket under the lid, are still used in our parlor. But little of the old furniture was parted with when we left Franklin street; Elizabeth never ceased to regret the loss of a small chest of drawers with brass handles.

When our uncle and aunt Bacon, some time in the fifties, left their Race street house, which had been the former home of our grandparents, next door to "119," we purchased a few old pieces of furniture as follows: A square screen on an upright on which is painted in oil a portrait of John Fothergill, M. D.; the other side name unknown. A few years ago in order to preserve

these paintings we had them covered with glass. We also got grandfather Warder's "pipe box," a deep, narrow four-square wooden box into which the gentlemen of early days thrust their long pipes for safe keeping. The broad, hair cloth sofa, so useful in our sitting-room, is of historic interest. In 1788 grandmother Warder brought it with her from England on her last voyage to Philadelphia where it was used in her cabin for her two little children Mary Ann and John Head, and where they spent much time with a board in front to pen them into safety.

At the same sale of our aunt's effects mother purchased for Caroline a workstand, oval in shape, with two side closets, a deep drawer and compartments under a lid for sewing materials, which she used through her married life. It is now in possession of her oldest child and namesake.

The history of another small piece of furniture may interest you—a work table with drawers and a covered top divided into compartments, the lid having originally a glass inserted. This was given to Mary Ann by Richard and stood in the parlor. Caroline took it with her to her new home, by this time the broken mirror had been replaced by a picture. After Caroline's death her husband gave it to Richard's eldest daughter, who remembered it well and its picture; she finally presented the stand to our sister's youngest daughter, Elizabeth C. Carter, in whose possession it still continues.

Number Nine faced Franklin Square, one of the small Parks laid out by William Penn in his plan of the City; it gave its name to the one block of Franklin street between Race and Vine. In those days it was a highly respectable place, where as a small girl I sometimes jumped the rope before an admiring crowd. There in later years the raw troops for the Civil War were drilled, which we watched from our windows, fascinated by the strange sight.

CHAPTER II.

THE FAMILY.

It was in this house that our parents settled in 1840 not long before the birth of Sarah in the Eleventh month. Father had then passed his 41st, and mother was approaching her 39th birthday. In the First month 1843, Emma, the youngest of eleven, was born. The seven of their nine children then living moved with the parents from " 119 " Race street to Franklin Square.

Of these, *Mary Ann*, 1823-1861, was the eldest. In 1841 she crossed the ocean in care of Thomas Mellor and wife to spend a year with our English relatives. Father, mother, the baby and nurse Catharine escorted her to Boston, whence she sailed to Liverpool via Halifax, Fourth month 17th, and landed Fifth month 2d. Grandfather Cadbury met her and took her to Birmingham, where she entered a charmed circle whose older members were then in the prime of life and vigor.

She was fond of society, and, regardless of weather, paid daily calls among her friends; some of these were invalids, who prized her cheery visits and thoughtful ministrations, and sincerely mourned her death. One of her dearest friends was Annie Haines, whose son is the present senior partner of our brothers' business Firm. At home she industriously made use of odd moments with her needle, dainty sewing cases and emory bags as gifts for her friends, as well as more prosaic work, being the result. She was very near-sighted, but wore no glasses. On her 18th birthday she received from her parents a handsome mahogany wardrobe with brass handles, made expressly for her, which is in use to this day.

As mother held the reins of housekeeping till near the end



FATHER, MOTHER, WILLIAM, CAROLINE, JOHN, JOEL, SARAH, EMMA.

COPY OF DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN ABOUT 1845.

of her life, there was little occasion for Mary Ann's assistance in that respect. But she had an invaluable place in the home in other and practical ways. It was she who undertook the mending, besides a full share of the sewing, all of which, as I narrate, was done by hand. Till the boys grew up this included everything except father's cloth outer clothing.

Two small manuscript books of Mary Ann's are of great interest to-day. In one she inscribed the marriage of friends and acquaintances, and in the other the death of persons of public or private interest.

Like some of her ancestors she was an interested member of the "House of Industry"—Female Society of Philadelphia for the Relief and Employment of the Poor, on Seventh street above Arch, and a regular attender at the Seventh Day afternoon teas, when the members gathered socially to make fancy goods to be sold in the store. These teas were very pleasant and informal and were continued into the membership of all of Mary Ann's sisters, with the exception of Elizabeth. Finally they were discontinued, the store sales changing to clothing and bed quilts only. I will add in connection with this Society that from First month 1873 for thirty-three years Emma was Treasurer, an office involving much more work and responsibility than the modern treasurer is called on to assume, when collections and payments are made by mail instead of in person, and a Trust Company attends to business transactions.

Richard, the eldest son, b. 1825, d. 1897, was the companion of his father during a visit to England in 1832, and had the opportunity to witness the first steam train run on a railroad, an event of momentous importance. Until 1842 he was at Haverford school (as it then was), where he graduated after taking the full course. Through all his young life he was in the dry goods business, and became a partner with Wood and Erringer, later on buying out that Firm. As he only lived at Franklin Square

ten years and was occupied with business and social claims my memories of him in the home are few—except the presents he sometimes gave us, one of which, a parasol with carved ivory handle, jointed, was a treasure to a small girl. The great trouble was the parasols came at Christmas, and Emma and I had to be content with raising them indoors while eagerly waiting the proper season for their use.

During his long life he was a useful and interesting member of society, a man of sterling worth and honesty, much in demand in benevolent and charitable organizations for his sagacity and upright dealing. When a new arrangement as to his private business many years after our period, became necessary, and he started as an Expert Accountant, his character, so well-known and appreciated, proved valuable capital. Many a quiet "word in season" he gave, the fruits whereof few outside the recipient knew. Although as a child I shared but little of his life, through many later years he was all that a brother could be to his three single sisters, and his death touched us sorely. He plays but little part in this chronicle, but this testimony is worthy of a place here.

Elizabeth, b. 1829, the fourth child, was pre-eminently the home daughter, her mother's right hand in sickness and in health, and full of motherly care over the younger children. Then began her life-long characteristic of thought for the comfort of others. Home was to her the most endeared place of all, and her retiring disposition inclined her to its quiet shelter. Not for many years after this did she take the place in the meeting and in outside work she was so well qualified to fill, but it all was made subservient to the claims of her home people. The rising generation who know her chiefly in her old age must fancy her in her prime, the useful, busy, cheerful daughter.

These three formed the oldest group of the family. A son preceding and one following Elizabeth in age, only lived to be five

and four years old, and thus were never a part of the Franklin street circle.

William Warder, b. 1832, d. 1859, and *Caroline Warder*, b. 1834, d. 1867, comprised the middle group. They were devoted to each other, having many interests in common and their own circle of friends separate from the older and younger children, yet in intimate relation with us all.

Mother's brother, William Savery Warder, died not long before William's birth. Our uncle devised a property to his namesake nephews and any such born within the year after his death. Our brother and his cousin William W. Janney were the two posthumous heirs with three of their older cousins.

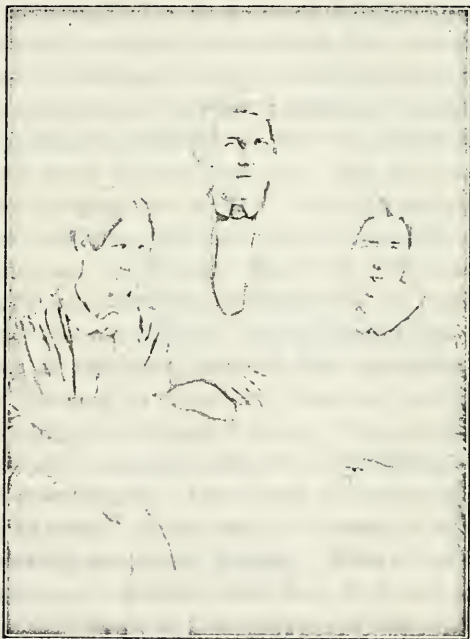
William was bright and witty; at school he was esteemed as a very nice boy and as he grew to manhood he was a social favorite among many friends. He had a position in the hardware business, and with his inheritance he possessed independent means, which were freely spent to obtain the necessary comforts during his last illness.

As with William, so with Caroline, there is not much to record of her growing years. She was of a sweet, gentle disposition, slipping quietly along as a middle child in a large family, and taking her share in duties that fell to the lot of the daughters as they grew older. Her life was largely bound up with William, and our thought of them is always in unison. During his delicate health she was his constant companion at home or absent. His pet name for her was *Ips*. His long illness and death wore her to a shadow, and only the new interest in life by marriage drew her back to a semblance of her old self. Then, while life contained so much to hold her to earth she was to know the pangs of physical weakness through many months, succeeded by lingering illness ending in death. But she faced the prospect of leaving a devoted husband and three precious children with Christian fortitude.

Of the youngest group of four little need be said here.

John Warder, b. 1836. *Joel*, b. 1838. *Sarah*, b. 1840.
Emma, b. 1843.

When another brother, John E. Carter, by marriage, entered the intimate family circle the two were, and always since have been, designated as *John W.* and *John E.*



MARY ANN, RICHARD, ELIZABETH.

COPY OF DAGUERREDTYPE TAKEN ABOUT 1845.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOME LIFE.

Before entering further on personal details let me cite some of the differences in social custom which have altered the home life. In those earlier years it was a placid, cohesive life. There was time for quiet hours of sewing or reading or household duties ; time for the leisurely friendly call ; time to fill the large sheets of paper with a letter to the absent one. Can the present strenuous generation imagine such a life ? Since those days there has grown up the hurry and wear and tear of countless meetings of clubs, societies and committees ; reports to write, read and listen to ; lectures by the score, free as well as for pay ; instead of the quiet chat and the old-fashioned evening party there is the Great Crush, known as Afternoon Tea—all very instructive and interesting, but all tending to make the home as a place merely for eating and sleeping and receipt of mail. Then, too, the ease and facility for travel, so undreamed of by our ancestors, contribute to the present unsettlement. There were no week-end runs to the sea-shore at all seasons of the year ; no, indeed, a journey was an event of necessity and much thought. Even in my girlhood the trip to Europe was a greater event than it is now to circle the globe. Let the thought of this change run like the thread of a differing color woven through the strand of olden memories.

Father and mother were the companions of their children, and the home was instinct with their presence. Father possessed an elastic temperament, and a cheeriness which served him well through many vicissitudes of business perplexities and losses.

Mother was of rather an anxious disposition ; the head of a large family where domestic problems were as much to the fore

as in these, our days, had much to wear upon her. My earliest songs were learned from mother, who sang with much sweetness till her voice gave out. Her choice for me were "Hail to the Chief," "Star-spangled Banner," and such songs and hymns as established a character of the selections made through many years.

She possessed a good deal of sentiment and imagination and devised happy little surprises for her family. Her birthday, Twelfth month 29th, was always made a delightful celebration, presents were exchanged, usually accompanied by a few lines of rhyme; a Literary Box opened and read on that evening, held contributions of varying merit—all original—but full of the zest and fun which made their reading a never-to-be-forgotten delight. It was in one of these poems the oft-quoted lines appear:

"Now moving to a country place
Is not the fun it's thought to be."

Although neither of our parents was as active in meeting affairs as some of their children have become, they were constant in attendance at meeting and brought up their family to be present. On First day husband and wife—no doubt arm in arm—walked to North meeting at Sixth and Noble, followed by the children, the little ones as soon as they were old enough to go.

Their children's friends were their friends, and no fun was ever spoiled or thwarted by the "old folks'" presence. What merriment we had of an evening in the dining-room over the game of Lotto, a present from England. Each tried to outvoice the others in claiming the counters as called out to place on our cards. This was a favorite amusement of the family. There were also exciting times with Patience, another English game we often played.

For one or more winters a French class convened in the nursery one evening in the week, taught by Monsieur Surot, for

William and Caroline and their cotemporaries, Rebecca and John E. Carter, Mary R. Hodgson and perhaps some others. When the lesson was over and the teacher departed charades would sometimes follow, enjoyed by the group gathered round the centre table in the parlor. There of an evening sat mother and the daughters with their sewing; there was always plenty of sewing for them, as no "ready made" garments were available. The small boys' clothes were fitted and made at the house by a tailor-ess after the reign of Susan Cozzens, a Friend of Orange street meeting, to whom the lads, against their will, were obliged to go in person. Meanwhile father smoked his cigar and read, the little ones waiting for bed time, the older son it might be at the Philomathian or calling on his friends. Here our next neighbors, Edward H. and Mary J. Trotter, liked to come in for a chat, so agreeable that it was hard for them to tear themselves away. It was on one of these evenings that Edward Trotter made the promise, later "fulfilled," that the first daughter to be married should receive a cake as large as the centre table. We always called our neighbors by their full names, no "flattering titles" being in our vocabulary of those days.

Father belonged to a few societies which took him out on some evenings, such as the Apprentices Library and the Adelphi School. On his return he would solace himself with his book or newspaper and cigar. But when William developed a weak throat the cigar was cheerfully banished to another room. And when he found that one of his younger sons liked to try smoking and resorted to the street, father invited his boy to join him. But no son ever continued the practice of the father in this respect.

Mother served on the Poor Committee at meeting, the same sort of service that in later days her daughter Elizabeth gave for thirty-one years to Twelfth street meeting. She was also active on the then existing committee for personal supervision of the semi-annual cleaning of the Meeting House, a more useful than

exalted appointment. She was deeply interested in her work as Treasurer of the Shelter for Colored Orphans, an office she held from 1860 for nearly six years, when her ill health led to her resignation. It is of interest to note that her granddaughter Emma C. Jr. (Joel's daughter), has held this office since 1901.

It is probable that father had an arrangement with the Prison authorities for the convicts to make for him at the Penitentiary what we called bundle handkerchiefs, cotton squares of bright colors such as colored women of the South wear as turbans. In our home they were used with the market basket to tie up lettuce, spinach, etc. There also was made the escreteoire or upright desk, now for many years used in our sitting room. In connection with this work he would often visit the Prison on Seventh day afternoon, taking his little children with him. I remember Emma and myself as his companions. A 'bus took us out Vine street, and, alighting, we children scampered over the open lots or fields on our way thither. While father attended to business we stood perched on high, wide shelves in the work room where we looked out of windows upon the savage dogs in the yard below us, ready to be let out at night to roam under the high prison walls. I recall visits to the kitchen now and then, and can see and smell now the brownish fresh bread as it was cut.

While Joel was still a small boy Elizabeth taught him to knit, and so fascinated was he that he could hardly wait till the intervening First day was over to take up his knitting needles again. He made a compact with his big sister to take her round the world on the proceeds from garters knit by him.

When I was young enough to sleep in a little bed in the corner of my parents' room, there was comfort when awake in the night in the dim glow diffused by the night light and its shadow on the ceiling. In a cup of whale oil floated a cork supporting a wick which burned all night and served to dispel the darkness. It was lit every night.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR SCHOOLS.

Our education was begun, and for the daughters was finished, at the Friends Select Schools, the boys' on Cherry street, and the girls' on St. James street, a narrow street from Seventh to Sixth above Market. It was a three-story building with a basement where we ate our luncheon when stormy weather necessitated one session (instead of two in the day) and where we played games and had the swings; in the latter Emma and I were in demand to work the sitter up, we standing, till our back was level with the ceiling. A certain upper room belonged to the oldest girls taught by Rebecca Walton, who knit busily, seated in her arm chair while the class before her recited the lesson, a scholar at each elbow probably busy at Latin and arithmetic. It was our gentle Caroline who determined to test her capable teacher, and in the midst of her recitation, with no change in voice or tone, commented, "I don't believe teacher Rebecca hears what I say." The interpolation passed unchallenged!

A willow tree in the yard with a low sloping trunk, was a favorite seat. Not far from school was a small candy shop where we scholars could exchange our filled copy books for candy, the inky pages to be *used for wrapping paper!* Time has wrought a change in this respect also!

On May day morning, 1856, mother aroused us with the startling intelligence that our school house was burned down in the night. Emma's first exclamation on hearing this was to deplore her much-prized knitting, a stocking partly done. Until the new building on Seventh street below Race was built Arch street

meeting house provided accommodation for the school. Rebecca Shinn was a teacher at that time, and much beloved.

To reach the boys' school John and Joel passed through Eutaw street, now North Franklin, a narrow one south from Race. Here their Friendly garb and hats became a shining mark for the street urchins, and Joel and his equally militant cousin, H. C. Wood Jr., had many a battle royal with their tormentors. The boys' school was finally merged into the co-educational opened in 1886 and still carried on at Sixteenth and Cherry. As the sons grew older they entered Haverford school, where they graduated; Joel graduating after it became a college. To reach Haverford was not the easy matter it is to-day, and there were no week-end visits home. The journey to and fro was made by carriage hired for the purpose, and very welcome no doubt these visits were to the homesick John.

Uncle B. H. Warder often loaned his carriage for out of town calls or for a drive. Years before this father would hire a carriage for a holiday drive with his little family on Seventh day afternoons.

CHAPTER V.

SOME OLD SERVANTS.

When Elizabeth was six months old Irish Mary came as her nurse. She told her mistress that at home, in Ireland, her ablutions were made once a week and consisted in the simple washing of her face. Mary remained with mother for seven years, then left to learn a trade and finally married. It was as Mary Lyons, a thin, pale-faced woman, that I remember her; no doubt mother's material assistance was opportune. Her two daughters are more or less under our care to this day. The youngest has her face badly marred as the result of small-pox. During our life at Cherry street she used at times to come in an emergency and do the housework. On one such occasion she opened the door for our doctor, once our playmate Horatio Jr., now the eminent physician, Professor H. C. Wood. He was so struck by her appearance that he exclaimed to us, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." From that day her sobriquet has been the "fair Mary Ann."

Catharine Huston was the latest child's nurse, also Irish, and long after we passed from her hands she came to see us, the contents of her pocket calling forth from us small people the palpable fact, "I smell candy."

My first cook memory is Bridget O'Brien, a most excellent cook she was. But to Emma and me she was fair game for what amused us more than it could have done her. When she left the kitchen in the afternoon we placed a large tray against the door so that on her return bang went the waiter on the floor. Or sometimes on coming up from the cellar she would find the

kitchen in darkness with the shutters closed from the yard by those mischievous children. I cannot remember any angry outbreak on her part, deserved as it was. Her cold milk toast was considered a treat by us children between meals.

In addition to a cook and child's nurse, while the children were little a young girl was employed to help mind them and do some light work. In those days the usual custom was observed of putting the wash out. As the children grew older there were but two adult women—one as cook, the other chambermaid and waitress, and the washing was done by them. With a family of eleven it was to be expected that the older daughters gave assistance in the housework and the ironing. Fancy the inconvenience as midweek meeting was held on Third day at 10 o'clock and their share of ironing must be finished in time to attend.

New carpets were made and laid by Amelia Boyd and her assistant, but many a time the daughters who had left school tacked down carpets, a custom still practiced into the seventies. At one time the India matting on the parlor floor was without seam and had to be rolled and carried into the garret with great care.

Eliza Lewis came as waitress fresh and green from Erin's isle. After several years' service in our city home she decided to enter a convent, so disposed of all her possessions and departed. But tiring of convent life, after our removal to Germantown she concluded to return to service, came back to us and remained till we broke up our home there in 1871. Of recent times she hunted us up and came to see us, a much older woman than we once knew.

CHAPTER VI.

ENGLISH ASSOCIATIONS.

A phase of our life which brought much pleasure and interest must not be omitted. It was the close connection with the large family in England, which was really but a continuation of an intercourse by letters and gifts passing to and fro in unbroken continuity since our grandparents Warder left England in 1786. So long as grandfather Cadbury lived father sent him a letter every two weeks, and both mother and himself and their children constantly corresponded with members of the English family. Although we had not all met our foreign relations at that time we wrote to them: before me lies a letter from Emma to Carrie and Emma Cadbury, cousins of her own age, dated Sixth month 25th 1855, from which I will quote. The letter is interlined by Mary Ann, as appears in the brackets.

“ Our English cat comes on nicely [she has been in great distress as we have put matting on all our floors.] Our dear little Canary birds are singing very loudly and merrily in the room next to me, which we call the store room [and where I sit to study my lessons.] One of the poor little birds died the other day, and two or three birds that were in the same cage died just like that one, so we think the cage had some disease in it. We have 13 and their ancestor was given to me when I was about five years old. They are setting and one pair has 9 eggs, another has 6. [But all say it does not do to count the chickens before they are hatched.] It has been rainy all day so far, but we are hoping it will clear up. [We had such a dry summer last year that in some places there has been a

famine.] We are all very well and Carrie and Richie as sweet as ever. [Little Sarah four weeks old lies in her crib and sleeps.] Our school breaks up for holiday on the 29th of Sixth month and we have to pass our vacation in town, that is, we expect to. [Though father says we must find a place to go to in the country awhile.] We were much delighted with the letters about cousin George (Barrow's) wedding. Sallie and I have so much fun jumping; we fasten one end (the rope) to a (window) hook (in the yard) and one of us turns at the other end, then we can 'run up and down stairs' or 'rock the cradle' or anything we wish. Poor mother had one of her sick headaches yesterday, but I believe she has entirely recovered."

Mary Ann adds on a blank page,—

"Not having been well in the night Emma has not gone to school. She has the table spread with her paper dolls for whom she has various dresses of bright colors with the doll's name marked on the dress. One morning about 3 weeks ago the school was to go on a picnic, but two days were fixed and each time it rained; however, a bright day came and Sarah came up in our room with, 'How can you sleep, you lazy things!' Though they were not to go to school till 8 yet they had been awake long. Father had bought some sheep tongues and sister Elizabeth talked of that morning you made sandwiches at the breakfast table for the excursion to Kenilworth. They went to a beautiful spot on Darby creek where they rambled about all day. Emma somehow got her feet wet and had to borrow a pair of stockings. They came home very tired and next morning were in no hurry to get up. Our cat likes to turn night into her frolic time, so often awakes Emma very early, but now when the side door is open she comes walking in very demurely at 10; last eve her clock was wrong so it was after 11, and her coat was all wet when we let her in. A few minutes before we went out to look at a bright fire said to be a barn struck by lightning."

It will be remembered that the postage to England was twenty-four cents for a half ounce, and so continued till by 1870 it was six cents; it is of comparative recent date the reduction to five cents the half ounce, and still later one ounce was allowed. In 1908 "penny postage" was secured, and we can now send a letter across the sea at the same rate as around our own corner. Many an old letter in those days was cut into narrow strips, each strip twisted into a lamplighter; then came the thin wooden spill and lastly the long wax taper.

The arrival of a parcel from England was a great event, and many a time was the pleasure granted us of unpacking box or bundle and inspecting the gifts sent us from abroad. Our home possessed many such mementoes. It must be confessed the English books for children were entirely unsuited to our age or inclination, but the "children's day" of literature had not then dawned—and when it did America took the lead—and we accepted the dry wisdom in the spirit in which it was sent.

Father carried with him to England in 1832 a gift for his mother of three dolls dressed like his three children. Mary Ann in school dress, gingham frock, long white mitts on the bare arms, a short shoulder cape of white muslin and a straw bonnet, cottage shape. Richard with straw hat and clad in nankeen jacket and trousers well supplied with pearl buttons, and a red silk handkerchief in his pocket. The baby in long white dress and thin muslin cap. A carefully printed note from Mary Ann to her grandmother accompanied the present. These dolls were returned to mother in later years. A fourth doll dressed by mother like herself was broken, and hence was not returned to America. Their custody has now been transferred to our niece, Elizabeth Cadbury Carter.

Father never quite lost his English inheritance of habit or custom, and our young friends used to feel the English atmosphere of our home.

CHAPTER VII.

TRAVELS.

The first important event of travel I remember was the visit to England made by our parents and Elizabeth in 1853. Mother and Elizabeth sailed from Philadelphia Sixth month 11th. An amusing incident of their departure was the bill from the livery for hire of carriages "taking Mr. Cadbury and family to Europe."

There was another and more tragic side to the departure, depicted by juvenile pens for the brothers at boarding school. A few days before sailing, father, five of his children (not including Elizabeth) and niece, Henrietta Warder, uncle and aunt Bacon and their daughters Mary Ann, Caroline, Sarah Thomas and Harriet, visited and explored the vessel. A small boy making up mother's berth, who had already crossed fifteen times, was most interesting. They sailed on a Seventh day morning and father, as usual, went early to market; by 8 o'clock two carriages were at the door and off to the wharf, tears being bravely withheld, though after "Reading" at breakfast father, mother and Mary Ann buried their faces in their handkerchiefs. When Elizabeth got in the carriage she could restrain no longer, and wept in a corner. Little S. and E. were left at home for fear of a crowd at the ship. The former soon dissolved into tears, comforted by Eliza Lewis, herself weeping; in the kitchen Emma found Biddy O'Brien pacing the floor, hands clasped to her breast, shedding tears, and that was too much for her; before she recovered her composure Sarah was already reading in the parlor, and then the two went off to school. Thirty of their friends bade the party adieu, standing on the dock just as we do now, till the vessel

grew a speck in the distance. A beneficiary of mother's, living in Eutaw street, established herself in Franklin Square to command a view of the start ; but her clock being very wrong she arrived too late ! This woman died that summer.

Uncle Benjamin Warder accompanied them for a brief visit to the English relatives and return. Father joined them in Birmingham one month later to return with them in the ninth month. Grandmother Cadbury died in 1851 but grandfather still lived, and all of father's seven brothers and sisters with their families were there to extend a warm welcome. It was a keen delight to mother to meet the relations in person whom she knew so well by name. It was a memorable visit, probably more so than any of the numerous ones which have followed it. A large family dinner in honor of the American guests was given by uncle and aunt Gibbins at Milton house, and a card was prepared for every member present or absent, printed in blue and gold and surmounted with grandfather's motto, *Felices ter et amplius quos irrupta tenet copula*, and the tied bundle of sticks ; the names of the forty-two present were printed below. A copy of this card was inserted in Bibles to be distributed to all. Grandfather wrote the name in the American Bibles and father in those for the English relatives.

The longest business trip of father's was to New Orleans in 1844, and the long letters sent him by mother picture the family life, the visits of the members of mother's large circle of near relations, the servant upheavals, the mischief of Joel and his innocent face through it all, the more sober exploits of the older ones, and at times her own physical breakdown with headache, etc. There was the friendly gossip, too, of meeting affairs and the movements of visiting ministers from England—a general epitome of what was passing around her.

Father's third and last visit to England was made in the summer of 1865, accompanied by his youngest daughter, Emma.

Edward Marshall and his daughter, Sarah, were fellow passengers on both voyages, and a friendship was then established lasting for life. During this visit the four brothers, Benjamin, John, Joel and James, were photographed in a group. They visited their old school master, and these elderly men were greeted by a still older man, who announced to the erst-while boys that he was the happy father of a newly born son !

I have been asked to enumerate the trips made to England by our parents and their children. They number thirty, ranging in time from 1832 when father paid his first visit since he finally left home in 1820, accompanied by his little son Richard, to 1905, when Joel with his wife and son closed the series with his fourth visit. At each one of father's three visits it was a delight to see him enjoying the companionship of his brothers and sisters, the latter pacing the garden with him or sitting in a summer house while he smoked the cigar which was taboo for indoors. Mother and her two daughters, Mary Ann and Caroline, each visited father's family but once, as recorded herein, in 1853, 1841 and 1860. The trip with her parents in 1853 was the first of Elizabeth's five. Richard crossed twice in later life. For pleasure, for business and seeking health with his wife took John W. over three times. Six happy visits I have made ; and Emma, beginning as father's companion, in 1865, made her third and last trip when in 1894 we three sisters crossed the ocean together. Of later years especially, the Continent has claimed much of the time spent abroad.

An unbounded hospitality has been accorded during each of those thirty visits, and now that the third and the fourth generations are doing their share to keep bright the family links, this hospitality in sadly depleted households and in new ones as well, experiences no change nor diminution.

CHAPTER VIII.

COUNTRY EXPERIENCES.

In those days a town and a country house was not as universal as it is now for city dwellers ; short trips to the sea or country were deemed sufficient change for the summer. While waiting for the carriage to take the party to the boat for Cape May, small Sarah danced with glee, quoting from her friend Tom Moore :

“ If there be an Elysian on earth
It is this, it is this ! ”

A little later as the boat heaved with uncomfortable results, the quotation was revived in her hearing by the older ones. When John was a baby a furnished house was rented at Frankford for a few weeks on account of his health. And about this time Elizabeth made her memorable trip, partly by canal boat, to Muncy to visit Debby T. Ellis, whose parents, Charles and Mary Ellis, were dear friends of father and mother. Another summer we located at Darby, now Lansdowne.

But my first memory is of a house of Jesse George's, now in Fairmount Park, which was rented for the family in 1851, the summer after Richard's marriage. Here I recall Joel's joy on the Fourth of July, getting from father a half dollar for fireworks, duly exploded, with Richard and Lydia as our guests that day, entering into the amusement.

In the summer of 1856 and again in 1857 we occupied “ Wild Orchard,” a house now close to the South Western Burial ground, rented of Nathan Sellers. Owing to a death in that family the large house adjacent to ours was vacant in 1857 and we

had liberty to roam over the whole property. The sale of both houses, also the furniture of the larger one, was effected that year. William now owned a horse, Jim, of which he and we all were very fond, and frequent mention is made of the drives from town in winter behind him. During the summer father had his horse and carriage, both he and William driving daily to town to business, the only convenient way to reach the city.

Our life was delightfully simple, and the country walks live in my memory. We gathered great bunches of St. John's Wort to pick off the flowers and steep in olive oil to make Red Oil, a balm for open wounds much prized in our own and the English families. On First day we marched across the fields to meeting, now known as Lansdowne, on arrival making careful examination for grasshoppers located under our clean, starched gowns. A gift to father of a barrel of pecan nuts reached us that summer, sent him by a Southern customer.

In the Seventh month 1858 we took possession for the summer of a house at Chestnut Hill on a lane leading to the Wissahickon, and not far from our city neighbors, Edward H. Trotter and family. We named the house Grumblethorpe Hall, and father talked of taking it on a lease of three years, but the annual rent of \$350 deterred him. We still possess a description of the place in Mary Ann's handwriting accompanying a sketch of the house by Mary R. Hodgson. These were sent over to grandfather and aunts in care of Henry and Elizabeth Newman of England, who visited us there. The wide gate-post, a little higher than the wall, was a favorite seat of father's, near by a willow tree. A steep, shady bank rose beyond the house, a path of tan led to the small front porch. By crowding the family together, a guest chamber was left at the disposal of our visitors, who were made welcome at all our summer retreats.

When living at Chestnut Hill, during each summer we drove to meeting, the small carriage drawn by Jim going to German-

town, and a larger one was hired to carry the others to Plymouth. Once at Plymouth in backing the carriage out of the shed Joel broke the axle ; no string was attainable, so mother came to the rescue by producing her garter (knit, no doubt, and of generous length) which served for the emergency and enabled the party to drive home.

The following summer, 1859, we rented Edward Simmons's beautiful place at Chestnut Hill on account of William's continued illness. His health began to fail nearly two years previous ; he was obliged to give up business but enjoyed his drives. During this, his last summer, he looked over and disposed of his letters and papers and saw many of our numerous callers, one afternoon as many as twenty-three arrived. The house was near the station, and sometimes seven visitors would appear unexpectedly to take tea with us. Our waitress was equal to the occasion with her good taste and deft ways. In the conservatory was a night-blooming Ceres, and we were favored to see the one century bloom expand in its exquisite beauty and fragrance. It opened in the night and soon passed away.

Some details of William's illness are preserved to us in letters from father and mother to grandfather Cadbury. As early as Sixth month 1858 father tells of William being " much of an invalid, has been so for some time ; extreme debility, so much so as to be most of his time on the sofa, without any active disease."

Alluding to the summer of 1859 mother says, " I feel myself inadequate to do justice to the breathing petitions and overflowing gratitude of our darling son to his Heavenly Father that he has been so gently dealt with. His patient, calm resignation, perfect consistency in word and deed and thought, was a teaching lesson, with occasional opportunities in private with his brothers or ourselves, the former taking him to ride daily afforded many seasons of expressing desires for them. When he had any company he was generally in his usual seat in the parlor and would enter

pleasantly into *short* conversation, but the serenity of his countenance always kept its wonted look, and few went away from him without silent instruction."

On reaching the city home Tenth month 6th he rested in the parlor till bed time, then walked to his room on the second floor. Very soon the brothers were obliged to carry him upstairs, Richard coming each evening to share in the required assistance as he became too feeble to walk or to venture from his room.

In 1860 we were again at Grumblethorpe Hall. It was from this house the four started on their European trip, an event the marvel of which can hardly be imagined in these days of much travel. Of the details of that delightful trip I will not enter here. In the Third month of that year grandfather Cadbury died, and at the time of his funeral a family group of thirty-eight was photographed. This we carefully studied before our departure. The two single daughters, Maria and Ann, had remained in their old home on Calthorpe street, Edgbaston, and to these aunts Caroline and I were assigned, while John and Joel made their headquarters with uncle Benjamin Cadbury and his family at Islington Row, near by. Uncles, aunts and cousins vied with each other to give the four a happy visit. A Continental trip was planned with uncle James as chaperon to the four and the two Birmingham cousins, Richard Cadbury, as courier, and aunt Gibbins's eldest daughter Martha. It was then the intimacy began with the latter, which only ended with her life forty years later. She was engaged to Daniel Hack, and wishing the American cousins to meet him, on our arrival in England from the Continent, Martha and ourselves joined her mother at the hospitable home of Daniel Pryor Hack at Brighton for a short visit. As Martha's husband he has ever been to us like an own cousin through fifty years.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEIGHBORS.

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Now let me go back to our early neighbors, for in those days our friends lived near together and we knew one another, as is by no means the case of later years. After leaving school in 1846 Elizabeth belonged to a small neighborhood circle of young Friends, well acquainted and living near together, called the *Coterie*. They met every Seventh day evening through the winter at the ever hospitable home of John M. and Mary Whitall, where, seated round a long table, they made garments for the poor, one reading aloud or reciting poetry. Then the brothers came to escort them home. Among the members were the two Whitall daughters, Hannah [Smith] and "Sally" [Nicholson]; the two Scull sisters, Hannah and Jane; Rebecca Garrett [Rhoads], Sarah Williams [Emlen], Mary Scattergood [Cadwalader]. Once they all paid a delightful visit over night at the Whitall's summer home at Woodbury. The compact made that each should invite the rest to her wedding, was partially fulfilled before the *Coterie* disbanded.

I have spoken of the Trotters. Their two children, Susan and Emily, and a niece, Nanny Pringle, were our playmates until the family moved to Nineteenth and Chestnut and the social circle of the young people changed, as our parents brought us up to mingle with Friends only. But the old friendship was never completely lost sight of. A brother, George Trotter, lived a few doors off, and our connection was pleasant, though not intimate. So, too, with Watson and Juliana Jenks.

Our cousins, Horatio C. Wood and family, lived on Race

near Sixth, and the intercourse between the two homes was frequent. Cousin Horatio was a man of courteous bearing and very useful in meeting affairs. I never knew his first wife, who was daughter to our aunt Bacon; she died at the birth of James. An older daughter, Mary Ann, was intimate with Caroline, and a constant visitor at our house. I have spoken of the younger sons as our playmates. For many years M. A. B. Wood was an invalid; if one but touched her bed she was thrown into spasms, and her spinal disease appeared to be incurable. But she was cured by faith, rose and walked downstairs and even got out to the street and a trip to the sea-shore. I well remember her first appearance at our house to call on us three sisters in Cherry street. When Elizabeth entered the parlor she did not recognize our guest and found it difficult to grasp who it was. In course of time an abscess formed on her hip and from that she was confined to bed and died in 1883, aged fifty.

On Sixth street opposite Franklin Square lived the Bisp-hams; the son, William, married Jane Scull (of the Coterie). When Jane Bispham's son was born mother was sent for to be with her, and thus was present when the now celebrated singer, David Bispham, was ushered into the world.

Uncle Benjamin Warder lived on Vine just below Sixth, and of him and his wife we saw much. Aunt Rebecca was the soul of kindness and endeared herself to us children by the same token. A closet in the back parlor which produced oranges and candy images is still in our remembrance. At each call some gift was produced for the children; the transparent slate which I kept until very recent years probably came from this aunt. One afternoon a sewing party was held at her house and I was left at home, for which I wept. By and by over came a message for Sarah to join the party, greatly to my delight. Uncle Benjamin outlived his wife and when he died in 1857 and his furniture was sold, some articles came into our possession. Our share of his

legacies to his nieces and nephews has been of great value to us single sisters since the parental home was broken up. He grew very feeble during his last years and each week our brother John called for his uncle and escorted him to and from meeting. After uncle's death our parents purchased his watch as a memorial of him for their son.

On Vine street near Seventh Dr. Warrington and his family lived, the daughters our school fellows. Close by were the sisters Phebe Ann and Elizabeth Justice, ladies of the old school, who, later, ended their days on West Arch street. Other members of North meeting with whom we were closely associated were Josiah and Mary Bacon and John Stokes. The children of both families were friends according to age with ourselves.

North meeting as I remember it in my girlhood, was a large congregation. So full was the house that mother and daughters sat in the youth's gallery at morning meeting. One can fancy the two small girls dressed for meeting and then sent to the parlor to wait for their elders to set forth. Father would read to us from the Bible, and my first memory of little Samuel and his call dates from these readings. In the women's gallery the forms of Elizabeth Pittfield and Sarah Hillman rise before me, ministers much valued by our parents. Neither parent sat facing the meeting.

CHAPTER X.

INCIDENTALS.

The crowd which alarmed the two small girls who were out in it, is all that I remember of the Consolidation of the City, which materially extended its boundaries in 1854. When the streets were re-numbered, and Market street became the dividing line between North and South, number 9 Franklin Square became 252 Franklin street, the square bounded by Race and Vine being two blocks above Market. Then, too, the streets west of Broad became known by their numbers, thus Sixteenth street instead of Schuylkill Seventh, etc.

John entered on his business education as a student in the College of Pharmacy and the employ of Charles Ellis & Co., druggists. His comrades were James T. Shinn and John E. Carter. Passing over the years and their ventures, in 1865 he joined Cooper and Jones, who had a small business as brass founders and finishers on Filbert near Seventh.

In 1856 Joel started his business career in a hardware store, one of his duties being to go early and sweep out the store. Later came his connection with the pen business as partner of Richard Esterbrook, from which he withdrew in 1866, and after some months abroad, in 1867, he joined John and his partners. Since that day the business has grown and expanded from the first small venture to the present successful one of Haines, Jones, Cadbury Company. During father's last years he was useful to his sons in their business as Cooper, Jones and Cadbury.

Now a word about the shopping. Goods were specialized in that day—the druggist sold drugs and medicine, the grocer dis-

pensed groceries only ; for best class of trimmings we went to Mustin's at Seventh and Arch, and often bought of Jane Eliot, an English Friend, who had a small shop on Spring Garden street. Sharpless's dry goods store at Eighth and Chestnut was of superior quality, and for many years catered to the needs of Friends. In fact, it was many years later, in the seventies, that the first department store was opened in the old freight rail road building, at Thirteenth and Market, where Moody and Sankey had held their meetings. Meat and vegetables came from Market ; roofed sheds with open sides, down the middle of Callowhill street was where father dealt, going before breakfast, carrying market basket and a big tin butter kettle with a shelf inside to separate the two layers of butter. We had no knowledge of " provision stores " in those days. I remember ordering " seven cent brown sugar " from the grocer, as we used it as well as white sugar on the table, preferably for some things.

In those days women and girls did not wear hats. In the country we used sun-bonnets, and when Emma went to pay a visit to Cheltenham Hills mother regrets that she had left her sun-bonnet at home. When Caroline and I were abroad, in place of a hat, we adjusted a crescent-shaped calash on the rim of the bonnet and drew it over the forehead to shade the eyes—in our Alpine travels, for instance. At that time, 1860, we wore hoop skirts, and a young cousin who met us at the Birmingham Station, surprised at our amazing girth, reported it without delay to his sisters.

CHAPTER XI.

NOTABLE VISITORS.

Of our old-time visitors, one who made an annual business trip to Philadelphia was cousin

JOEL CHURCHILL.

He was a son of father's aunt by the first marriage of Joel of Exeter, father of R. T. Cadbury. He emigrated to America about 1820 and settled in Illinois, a wild and unsettled country. It is said that he and a young man were walking westward till at last his companion declared he would go no farther lest he fall off! Cousin Joel spent his evenings in the Franklin street parlor sitting at the end of the sofa after tea smoking and talking. He was a small man with guttural speech, but of what he said I remember nothing. He died about 1867. Copies of two of his letters are of sufficient interest to be inserted here. The first is dated—

“ Illinois, 12th of 3 mo. 1820.

* * * “ I like this country pretty well, but it is difficult to give an opinion respecting it as yet. * * * In point of wages \$18 a month and board is the utmost I have heard given for the strongest and best hands, but the most usual is \$12, or \$14. Farming here is very different from that eastwards, nothing has been yet attempted more than just raising perhaps ten or twelve acres Indian corn and breeding hogs and cattle which range in the woods, consequently a man stands little chance here unless he can handle the axe well and split two or three hundred rails per day. Cropping, as it is here called, is very common, by which a man gets, perhaps, one third the crop clear. Some rent farms with a few acres of cleared land on them, and pay about 10

or 12 bushels of corn per acre for as much as is cleared, and the prairies are not yet much cultivated because they require a strong team to break them up at first. I have engaged one man for a twelve month for \$12 per month, and don't wish to employ more till I see how things turn out. * * * We have no market to go to as you have eastwards, but we shall have enough to do for some time to raise supplies for new comers, and what surplus we have must go to Orleans. Our staple article is bacon, which is raised with little or no expense, and is bought up by the Orleans merchants, who generally come expressly for the purpose. A dairy would answer, but such a thing is not known here. * * * Land is selling just hereabout by private individuals at \$3 per acre, but I have just bought 326 acres at \$4 per acre, 166 of which was woods and 160 prairie; five acres of the woodland is cleared and under cultivation, and seven acres of the prairie is broken up; it has a fine well of water on it, a very scarce article in this country. This I want to rent out. Where I live I own 480 acres, 100 of which is prairie. I am now hard at work clearing 3 acres of woodland before my house, which I shall sow in turnips and potatoes, and I shall put ten acres of corn in my prairie. The produce of corn varies from 40 to 60 bushels. I have begun to plant a peach orchard and in the fall I shall sow it with wheat. * * * Most newcomers get a touch of the ague. I had it directly on my arrival, but I am of opinion our prairies are particularly healthy and very pleasant to an Englishman. You will find me in a rude log cabin of my own building in a wild wilderness, my nearest neighbors being panthers, bears, wolves, deer, rattlesnakes, etc. I am eight miles from the Big and four from the Little Wabash. We had a long, laborious, and tedious journey; we were eight weeks on the Ohio, the water so exceeding low we were obliged to row incessantly. Travelling on the Ohio rightly managed is perhaps the cheapest travelling in the world, particularly when the water is high the journey may be

made in half the time on the water. There are many large boats or arks continually starting from Pittsburg or Wheeling in which thou canst get thy passage for little or nothing if thou lay in some bacon and biscuit for the passage. Some boats, particularly family boats, would be glad to board thee free of expense if thou wouldst assist working the boat. But the quickest way is to come in a large skiff if thou canst meet with one coming. Thou must land at Thomas Town, which is the end of the water voyage, and is 56 miles from me."

Eleven years later J. C. writes to his uncle Samuel Cash of Peckham, England:

" Albion, Illinois,
January 31, 1831.

" About seven years ago, finding farming but a poor business, I left my farm and came to this little town, which is the seat of justice for the County, and opened a store. Shortly after I was appointed one of the Judges of the County Court; there were two others, and a more ragged trio never sat on a bench. A part of my duty was that of joining people together in the shape of man and wife. * * * I got married myself about five years since to an Englishwoman about twelve or thirteen years younger than myself. About the same time I commenced the manufacture of Castor Oil, and have found it a profitable business. I make from 1500 to 2000 gallons every season. The farmers grow the castor bean for me and I pay them in store goods. When I commenced store-keeping my profits were 75 per cent., but the increase of consumption and competition has reduced our profits to 25 or 30 per cent., which is considered a low profit for retailing.

When I came to this town, being tolerably apt with my pen and having some knowledge of business (qualifications then rare and never very common) I became overwhelmed with other people's business, and have remained so ever since. As a principal Deputy or Assistant I have acted in the capacity of every officer in the

County, and, in fact, have transacted all the County business, both civil and military. I have acted occasionally as Constable, Sheriff, Jailor, Assessor, County Treasurer, Clerk of the County Circuit and Chancery Courts, Judge of Probate, Recorder, Justice of the Peace and past Master, so that nobody marries or is divorced, dies or comes into the world contrary to law, assaults or is assaulted, robs or is robbed, or refuses to pay his just debts, but I have something to do with it. Sometimes I act in nearly all those capacities in one day, even Sunday is no day of rest to me. I have frequently to ride round the country to marry one, two or three couples, and have sometimes been obliged to eat two or three wedding dinners on a Sunday, no very inconsiderable task when we take into consideration that our women are no great adepts at cooking.

Nearly all the money in a new country passes through the hands of store-keepers or merchants as we are here styled, consequently I am obliged to act as banker. I discount bills, lend money, pay and receive money for others in all parts of the United States by means of agents. I deal in every article in use among the people. I go to Louisville at the falls of Ohio twice a year to lay in my goods. We have no such character as a trusty foreman, the master must do and attend to everything himself. You will therefore see that I have my hands full. I have built a small brick house, contains a cellar and four rooms, and a store house contains two rooms for Parlour and Kitchen, besides sundry log buildings and an oil press.

We live well, or, at least, as well as can be expected considering the difficulty of getting servants—at all events we have the materials for good living except once in a while nobody to cook them. For some years after I came here there was neither cheese nor beer to be had; I used to long for them so much that whenever I dreamt of being in England I was always making my way to some place where they were to be had. We are terribly annoyed by ducks, fowls, turkeys and veni-

son—I am heartily tired of them, but frequently we can get nothing else for weeks owing to our farmers having no tame grass, consequently no means of fattening cattle when the woods and prairies fail in affording pasture. Bacon Ham is our staple diet, but as it is hard to get it good throughout the summer we depend on poultry when beef is not to be had. Wild turkeys are in some seasons brought in such abundance that they will not fetch more than six cents each and I have frequently seen them refused at that price. An Englishman's undefinable idea of comfort is not known and cannot be realized here. We lead a careless life and trouble ourselves but little about futurity, having no apprehension about ourselves or our children making a living. My principal uneasiness is how my children are to be educated; this is a serious evil in this country.

English peasantry cannot fail of doing well here provided they keep steady and are moderately industrious. Mechanics may do well, but they become almost universally intemperate, the cheapness of spirituous liquors is the bane of the country. There are hundreds of distilleries scattered over the country turning out immense quantities of whiskey at 18 cents a gallon. * * *

In the course of my travels I frequently meet with men who were gentlemen's servants or hostlers in England, now engaged in business for themselves and wealthy. In short this western country affords a wide field for a man of moderate prudence and enterprise to make a fortune. A man who cheats his partner is thought to be a smart fellow, and his character and standing rather rise than sink by it.

Playing with my children is the only relaxation I can afford from business, to take a romp with them. Some time since I had been attending the Court as Clerk for several days, and the children had scarcely seen me when my boy crept in among the crowd and found me writing under the Judge's chair. The Chief Justice was then presiding as Chancellor; as the boy

had frequently seen me presiding over trials held before me as magistrate in the Judge's chair, he went up to the Judge unobserved and hollowed out to the Judge that that was his father's place and he must come down. The Judge ordered the Sheriff to take him out of Court ; he was unwilling to go and kept muttering all the way that it was his father's place."

What a mine of interest and reminiscent adventure such a visitor would be !

ANN ASTON WARDER.

Another interesting guest was Aunt Warder, the widow of mother's oldest brother, Jeremiah, who in 1830 removed from Philadelphia to Springfield, Ohio. She was fond of my parents, and preferred to make our house her headquarters when visiting Philadelphia. She made an indelible impression on my girlhood as a woman of much power in character and intellect. In her own town she was known as Madam Warder, and she ruled her household no doubt wisely and well. Her marriage to my uncle was rather romantic, but that belongs to an earlier epoch. I might mention here that the little baby house, which we destine for the Historical Society, was given by father on his return to England in 1820 to the children of his cousins Jerry and Nancy. It is a complete little house with two chimneys, staircases inside, windows, which were curtained, and nicely furnished throughout. Ten years later when the Warders migrated to Ohio, their cousin Joel had become their brother, and a father himself, so to him and mother the baby house was presented ; it is still in sound condition, though empty. Aunt Warder died in 1871, twenty-two years after her husband.

MARY HALLOWELL.

A cousin of the early generation on First day morning after meeting came to Franklin street to wait for her sister, the wife of

George M. Stroud, to call for her in the carriage after church. These sisters were the daughters of mother's first cousin, Rebecca Parker, who married Judge Hallowell, and they occupied the ancestral home where now Girard College stands. I remember cousin Mary had large, prominent features and wore a light silk Friend's bonnet.

HENRY PEMBERTON.

This cousin was a frequent caller at our house. He was great-grandson of our ancestor, "Emigrant John" Head, and lived with his older sisters Sarah and Philadelphia on Sixth street above Vine. A favorite time to call on these cousins was on the way home from meeting. Elizabeth recalls her visits to their yard and picking up the pins between the bricks where they had fallen from fastening clothes on the line. Also currants from the bushes when the fruit was ripe. The two, small, round mahogany stools now used in our bed-rooms belonged to them and were as hard then for sitting on as they would be at this date. Cousins Sally and Phile, as they were familiarly called, are but names to me, but their brother is a distinct memory of my early childhood. He was an old man and eccentric; as long as his sisters lived he was much managed. In his pockets he carried nuts to feed the squirrels in Franklin Square. A high iron railing surrounded the square, with gates that were locked at 6 o'clock. One evening it was discovered that cousin Henry had been locked in and the care-taker gone. Just how this rather unwieldy old man was gotten over the railing I cannot narrate, but it was an exciting event. He liked to startle us youngsters by pulling off his wig and exposing his bald pate. A small Testament with my name inscribed in it and the date, 1847, was his gift. A good many years before Franklin street days grandmother Warder wrote of young Henry Pemberton accompanying her and others to New York Yearly Meeting. Thus are the different stages of life linked together.

It was cousin Henry's wish to devise the bulk of his property to mother and her eldest sister, M. A. Bacon, omitting the middle sister Elizabeth. Hearing this, uncle Bacon insisted that Elizabeth should receive a share. But cousin Henry was obdurate, his determination strengthened by the memory of a rather serious prank played upon him by Elizabeth's children. And so, unwilling to accede to my uncle's well-meant attempts in interfering, he dropped his cousins in behalf of "West Town for poor children." To aunt Bacon he bequeathed some silver plate and to mother one share in the Philadelphia Library, value \$16.50. The discretion of his choice for mother is manifest, for the share has been in constant use and is now owned and used by her eldest grandson. H. P. died in 1853.

Through the courtesy of the present Assistant Treasurer of West Town Boarding School, I learn that in the Tenth month, 1854, the school received from his estate \$11,039. Ten years later, after the death of a Beneficiary who had lived in his family many years, that amount was increased to a total of \$23,813.22.

Let the modern Westonian of our family note that our lost inheritance has been your gain!

BETSEY AND MIRIAM WARDER

were children of mother's uncle Jeremiah, ladies of the old school and intimate in our household throughout their life. Here again we are linked to early days in the mention in grandmother Warder's diary on Third month 13th 1787 of the birth of Miriam Warder that morning. Cousin Betsy left a small legacy to father, and we own some china and furniture descended from them. I easily recall cousin Betsey's trim little figure. Her name was Elizabeth Fry.

The callers of my own generation, mother's nephews and nieces, were numerous and intimate, some of them going to tea

regularly each week, for uncle Joel and aunt Carry were sympathetic hosts. These were all much older than we younger children; indeed, I vividly recall one day when cousin Eleanor (Warder) Pearsall, who was twenty-one years older than I, paid an extremely lively call on mother and the elder sisters in our nursery, the revelation it was to me that she was like a young person and not altogether the grave senior I had felt her to be.

In addition to the numerous family visitors and friends, many English guests found their way to our hospitable board, some holding official positions among Friends, others bringing introductions from the English family. It was always understood that a stranger arriving either from England or America should bear a letter to vouch for him. There was one young English relative who was sent over to father's care in the hopes of making a better man of him, and of him and the English woman who crossed under our parents' escort in 1853 to marry him, we saw a great deal. She was our guest till their marriage. His choice parents never forgot the fatherly care bestowed on their son. All have died long ago in their English homes.

Our parents' kindness was also extended to American strangers. Among these the two brothers Smiley from New England, class mates with William at Haverford school, were often made welcome at Franklin street; while their sister came directly there to stay till settled in a new home. A few years later Fred Arthur of Nantucket was like a brother to us children while he was a Haverford student.

Of our frequent calls on uncle and aunt Bacon in the old home on Race street, often made on First day after meeting. I remember once going alone with father, and he and they had a vigorous discussion on Homœopathy versus Allopathy, we representing the latter, they the former school of medicine.

CHAPTER XII.

CHANGES BY MARRIAGE AND DEATH.

On the 4th of Twelfth month 1850 Richard married Lydia C. Shinn of 518 Pine street at Orange street Meeting, Seventh and Spruce. [Note: Owing to the great decrease of the membership through death and removal, the old meeting house was sold in 1909.] Elizabeth was one of the bridesmaids, who wore grey silk dresses at meeting, and for the wedding party in the evening they changed to white. The young couple settled on Coates street (now Fairmount Avenue) near Seventh, where their four children, Caroline, Richard Tapper, Sarah Shinn and Lilly, were born. The latter lived but 19 months, and Sally died in 1876.

Richard's departure from home left a blank for the older ones hardly comprehended by the younger. As their oldest daughter grew to school age—still only a child—and her parents then lived at Cheltenham Hills, she was often at the Franklin street home, of which she has a vivid recollection. Her little brother Richard was also there, and has memories of his uncles and aunts.

Not long after our return home from the Simmons's house at Chestnut Hill, on Tenth month 28th 1859, William died, being confined to his bed but a short time. His funeral took place on Joel's 21st birthday, at 3 o'clock. I can give mother's account of this sad occasion:

"The parlor was well filled with chairs, all of which were occupied, whilst the two second-story bed-rooms [over the parlor] contained about sixty, first cousins, Caroline's intimate friends with whom he had been in the habit of mingling, a few of his own

congenial friends, Edward and Mary Trotter and our dear valued ministers, William and Elizabeth Evans, the latter addressing our assembled company in the most impressive manner, whilst throughout the house there was a remarkable solemnity and quiet notwithstanding so large a company. The body was placed in the nursery. All calling of names was avoided so that as the hour approached for moving each took the allotted place, Horatio Wood being Caroline's chosen companion, the three brothers having charge of their sisters. About twenty carriages were filled; the distance being three quarters of a mile, some male friends walked. We returned home after a season of quiet at the ground only to realize all was done, our cares and duties had ceased, and the dear one so long our hourly thought was safely gathered to everlasting rest."

William was laid in the Friends' burying ground at Sixteenth and Race, not far from the brick in the Race street wall with W upon it marking the last resting place of our grandparents Warder. As the hearse approached the corner of the grave yard a horse became unmanageable and six of William's friends carried the coffin to the grave—Mr. Hall, Charles Rowland, William H. Bacon, Philip C. and John B. Garrett and Israel Johnson.

This first break in our grown circle was keenly felt and left a lasting memory of a precious brother.

In the summer of 1860, while at Grumblethorpe Hall, John and Joel, during an interim of business settlement, set forth from Broad and Prime streets on a western tour by way of Washington to Mammoth Cave and as far as St. Paul. Their youth and inexperience in travel is an amusing memory for them to recall, when they first learned that their fellow travellers were not critically scanning every action of theirs, even to the pie eaten at a way station!

During their absence, noting the great strain on Caroline's health in losing her beloved brother, it was decided that on the

return of John and Joel she and Sarah should join them in a five months' trip abroad, with the hope that change of scene and climate would benefit her. Accordingly in the Seventh month the four sailed from Boston on the S. S. *Arabia*, the last of the side-wheel steamers. Mary Ann, escorted by James T. Shinn, was deputed to see them off, and John E. Carter induced his friend George J. Scattergood to accompany him and our party as far as New York. At that time a vessel started from New York only every other week, hence the selection of Boston for departure.

It was a foggy voyage and near its close the vessel was almost within its own length of being wrecked on Fastnet Rock off the Irish coast. I shall never forget the figure of the man on the rock with his fishing pole in hand; Caroline and I were among the few passengers on deck at the time, and as the vessel promptly obeyed her helm and steamed into safety, one of them with whom we had held friendly intercourse came to us and said to me, "Your sister's presence has saved the ship." Such was the impression she made on a business man and casual acquaintance.

Arrived at Philadelphia again in the Twelfth month with health restored, it was not surprising that J. E. Carter was on hand to meet the travellers and secured Caroline as her escort. Their engagement took place in the following year.

Mary Ann's health had been failing, and in the spring of 1861 she was ordered south. She and Elizabeth, with Joel as their companion, took passage for Nassau in the West Indies, the Civil War which had just broken out making a nearer resort out of the question. A small vessel and a tempestuous sea were only the beginning of the discomfort awaiting them when health resorts were not equipped with every luxury as so many are now. On Joel's return he brought among other things a bunch of green bananas, for that fruit was not so plentiful with us in the North as we are now accustomed to have it.

At the end of three months the sisters returned home and on the 11th of Tenth month Mary Ann died; again we experienced the solemnity of parting with a beloved member of our united family, with the last whispered messages of farewell and of encouragement to pursue the strait and narrow way. Again family and friends gathered in the upper and lower rooms before the funeral procession took its way to lay the sister beside brother in the city grave yard. Mary Ann was our parents' eldest born and it was after her birth that the Cadbury grandparents became reconciled to the marriage of their son with a first cousin, a connection which, until recent times, was cause of loss of membership in the Society of Friends. And so it was with a particular sense of loss that this eldest child was parted with. -

In consequence of Mary Ann's death, Caroline's wedding, Second month 4th 1862, was a small one. She and J. E. Carter were married in the meeting house at Sixth and Noble at the regular mid-week meeting, according to the custom of the day. The bridesmaids and groomsmen were John W. C. and Rebecca Carter, George J. Scattergood and Mary R. Hodgson, Alfred F. Conard and myself. They and the immediate families dined at the bride's home and in the evening about sixty guests were present. Caroline's dress was a pearl-colored silk. I wore a light grey silk with small embossed spots of the same color. Neighbor Trotter's large cake, his "promise fulfilled," covered a round, confectioner's table, a very handsome erection of icing and filagree. It had been baked in sections, and not being required on the wedding day, it remained on exhibit in our parlor for several days, was photographed, and portions of it were distributed among the employees of Carter and Scattergood, the firm of which John E. was a member.

Their home was at 1313 Pine street, and not far from John E.'s family, between whom and Caroline there was a mutual feeling of affection and appreciation. In the Fourth month, 1863,

her first child, Caroline, was born. She often sent us spicy notes of their doings, and with her husband and home and children hers was a happy married life for almost five and a half years.

Germantown.

CHAPTER XIII.

WAR SHADOWS.

Of the ups and downs in business affairs and the harassing cares of our parents therefrom we younger ones knew little. Father held a responsible position on a salary with Joseph Ripka, a manufacturer of cotton goods with mills at Manayunk; against mother's advice and judgment he became a partner in the business, and not long after the Firm failed and father was left financially embarrassed. He felt it best to withdraw from the rehabilitated Firm and in due time secured other occupation. Meanwhile the Franklin street house was assigned to the Ripka creditors and in 1862 we migrated to Germantown, where we spent the next nine years, until after the death of both parents. On the day in the Fourth month fixed for the move the snow fell so heavily it had to be delayed. We settled in a frame house at Green and Harvey streets, owned by cousin William Henry Bacon, a dear and intimate nephew of our parents.

The country was under the shadow of the Civil War, and for awhile there was fear lest the Confederate army should overrun Pennsylvania. Just before the battle of Gettysburg I recall our going out on Harvey street one day to listen for the sounds of an approaching army. But it was a false alarm. We were very patriotic and our songs (for we were great singers) were largely tinged with war-like subjects. Prices for woollen and cotton goods rose to fabulous prices, as Caroline found when preparing her marriage outfit, paying sixty cents a yard for muslin. Then, too, arose the fear lest the brothers should be drafted. Joel will tell his own story with regard to this:

“ In the year 1864 there was a draft called for by Congress :

there had been one or two previously and their workings had become understood by the citizens. In each draft district the names of those drawn were published in the newspapers. In this draft my name appeared. As a result of experience in former drafts it was found there were many persons who were exempt from various causes, or who would for good reason be exempt. So when this draft was ordered, an additional number above that required was drawn—fifty per cent. When the lists were published many who had the means arranged to provide substitutes, not only those in the regular list but also those in the fifty per cent. Nathan Hilles, resident of Frankford, a Friend and member and overseer of that meeting, was a member of City Councils and was influential in securing consideration for Friends.

The Provost Marshal's office for the Germantown district was at Frankford, and on the morning designated I went thither and called on Nathan Hilles, who accompanied me to the Provost Marshal's office. The latter had been a member of the Fifteenth and Race meeting and was understood to have no sympathy with exemption. I presented myself and was asked to stand up behind the measuring machine to get my height recorded. There was a reference made to the records, and the Provost Marshal said, 'Mr. Cadbury, we shall not need you; there have been enough enrolled either in person or by substitute from the original list and from the fifty per cent. to supply the number required'—adding, 'If we should have needed another man you were the next on the list.' I went back to Germantown to tell my family, feeling very thankful I had not been called on to endure what would follow my refusal to serve, for I had determined on this course. Whether Nathan Hilles had any influence I never knew, but I considered it a remarkable circumstance the full number had been secured before my name was reached. It was about half way through the fifty per cent."

Through a letter from Emma to her friend Hannah Shep-

pard we can again live in the exciting times incident to Fourth month 1865. It was on the morning of the 15th of that month when the newspaper was brought in at breakfast time and opened by Joel and Emma that the terrible news of Lincoln's assassination was revealed in our home. Who that lived through that day can forget the horror and dismay at such tidings. But he was yet alive, and hope sprang up, till our waitress going to the Main street on an errand heard that the martyred President was dead! Father and the brothers had hurried off to town; mother, too, went in at 8.20 and found the city draped in mourning. Stepping into John W.'s office she learned that John E. had been there to announce the birth of his daughter Sarah, at 2.30 A. M.; "a prettier baby than her elder sister, Caroline." So mother posted down to Pine street and saw the mother and babe: returning home at noon she brought the welcome intelligence of our new niece. A memorable birthday, truly. They had hoped to keep from Caroline news of Lincoln's death, but she heard it called out on the street. On the previous evening she and John E. took tea with his parents, and I had spent the day with her.

At this time John W. had just returned from a business trip to England.

In the evening, one week before, the joyous ringing of bells betokened good news and father and Joel hastened to the depot to learn on the arrival of the train from town that Lee had surrendered. That meant the cruel war was over. Then German-town took up the peal of bells proclaiming peace was nigh. A general illumination was to be held on a certain evening of Yearly Meeting week, and our parents fearing if our house was not lit up it might bring trouble had decided not to remain in town that evening to attend the Freedman meeting. But the nation was bowed in grief, deep and universal, with no heart for joy tokens.

CHAPTER XIV.

SUBURBAN LIFE.

Our city friends were still made welcome on many occasions at our home as they had been in town. We had "arbutus parties" for walks in the woods, returning to tea. Or, if the afternoon proved wet, we played writing games. At one of these the contribution of Rachel Scattergood is still quoted, when having to insert *azimuth* in her reply to the question, she wrote,

"It rains, it doth ;
Azimuth, azimuth !"

Caroline and her family came for visits, and we had lively reunions of "Company C."—a Catskill party, four others besides four of us. Among our intimate visitors was Thomas Scattergood, who, with John W. and Joel, enjoyed to sit and talk with father in a room built in the garden used as a library, while the latter smoked his cigar.

We came into possession of our first sewing machine here, a present from Richard to myself.

I remember the joy of beholding the first spring ever spent in the country and the full bloom of the fruit trees. A winter pastime Emma and I much enjoyed was skating on a pretty little pond near Fisher's Lane Station, where we joined a merry party of friends and acquaintance, and where we attained a degree of proficiency in gliding over the ice. There was also sledding on a big sled by the four of us.

Germantown was a rural residence and people did not spend as much time in town as in their suburb when the one railway was the only public conveyance.

In the autumn of 1865, as the house at Green and Harvey must be vacated, we removed to what is now 211 West Cheltenham avenue, which was purchased by mother as our parents' future home. Some additions and improvements were made before the move.

[In 1910 it was sold from the parents' estate by the heirs.]

Grandfather Warder died in Fifth month 1828, and grandmother, Ann Warder, survived him but eight months. Their four sons and three daughters then fell heir to his estate. Mother's share included the house then known as "119" Race (sold in 1890) to which our parents moved after Elizabeth's birth; also a group of houses at Second and Green, two large and ten small ones, all of which being in a good locality for that day, have not increased in value for her heirs, though yielding a good income. I might add they are typical of the well-built house of the period.

With the exception of Caroline's share of mother's inheritance, which at the time of father's death was paid to her children and carefully managed by their father, the remainder of the estate was held undivided by the six remaining heirs till 1911.

Over on Cheltenham avenue we were close to the woods and the water works; no P. R. R. close by, no houses opposite, nor the whole closely built section of this day. The city terminus of the Reading Rail Road was at Ninth and Green streets. From here father would make his way to see his daughter Caroline and her two little ones. Sitting on his lap Carrie and Sallie searched his pockets for the crust of bread they were pretty sure to find there. Big bunches of wild flowers or of autumn leaves were welcomed by his city friends. In our country walks we became familiar with the wild flowers, our botanical friends giving us instruction in their visits at both of our Germantown homes.

We had entered a pleasant circle of Friends of a large meeting. After the first few years we younger brothers and sisters

were members of a travel class which met at our several homes. My two brothers were thus brought into association with the two superior young Friends who became their future wives; for Anna K. Lowry was a teacher in the Friends' school and lived in Germantown during each winter, and Rebecca Warner's home was there. In this connection I will tell of the tea party Emma and I were invited to the year after we left Philadelphia, to celebrate Rebecca Warner's fourteenth birthday. Her mother, Hannah Warner, was solicitous as to the companions chosen for her children and we were of exemplary parentage, although older than her daughter. I remember a pleasant evening and a little boy on a low seat—George, perhaps. But our big brothers felt that a little girl's party was not up to their dignity, so father must go and escort us home. Thus it was that John W. missed an opportunity much to be prized a few years later.

At the close of the Civil War, Richard, as Treasurer, and John W. and Joel were active in the Friends' Freedmen Association formed to relieve the distress of the freedmen, as the liberated slaves were called. Warm garments were made and sent them and schools were established in different sections of the South, young Friends from the North going as teachers on small salaries. Early in 1866 I volunteered my services at one of these schools for a few weeks at Slabtown, a desolate region near Yorktown, Virginia, where a friend of mine had been teaching all winter. Joel and Emma, also Rebecca and Sarah S. Carter, accompanied me thither as escort. It was a unique and interesting experience to live at the South just then with the battle fields and earthworks close at hand. We had the privilege and pleasure of frequent intercourse with the zealous young General Armstrong just establishing his now famous school at Hampton.

Slabtown was a collection or settlement of negro homes; from a slight eminence it was overlooked by the church, school, storehouse, and the mission home for teachers and Superinten-

dent, the latter having supervision of the other schools in that neighborhood. The houses were all built of logs or slabs, and in our home there were abundant spaces for the free passage of voices and air and dust.

CHAPTER XV.

LAST YEARS.

When her third and youngest daughter, Elizabeth Cadbury, was born Twelfth month 1866, Caroline was in declining health, and grew worse rather than better. At home mother was ill, nursed by Elizabeth; she suffered from an affection of the eyes so that she was compelled to sit in a dark corner of the room. It was a sad time for both households. Mother's eyesight was gradually restored, and in a good degree she recovered her health. To relieve the city invalid the Carter family with the three nurses moved to Cheltenham avenue for the summer of 1867. With her nurse, her husband and Elizabeth she made the trip on a bed in a carriage very comfortably. The children seemed to improve in the fresh air, and our large family, now numbering seventeen, settled into a quiet routine, the children's two nurses lending aid with the increase of work thus involved. But Caroline's weakness continued to increase, and in less than ten days suddenly on the morning of Sixth month 27th her strength failed and she quietly breathed her last. Just before she died mother entered the room, and Elizabeth carrying little Bessie to see her mother, who stroked the infant cheek but was unable to speak, signing for her medicine and more air. John E. had been gone but a few minutes to town, so the child's nurse was hurried off after him, but departed in such haste that she only knew he must return at once, which he did, Joel accompanying him, alas, too late for a last farewell.

The burying ground adjoining Germantown meeting had been recently opened, and John E. wisely decided to have his wife laid there rather than in the city beside Mary Ann and William.

It had been a great satisfaction to mother to have her married daughter near her once again, and that we could all be together at the funeral. On that morning cousin William Henry Bacon took the three children and their nurses to his home where they staid till all was over in the afternoon.

In the autumn the desolate little family returned to Pine street. There was no sister to live with John E., the eldest, Rebecca Carter, being near her marriage, so a caretaker was found. The children and their father visited us constantly.

We now come to the summer of 1868. Thomas and Richard C. Gibbins, during a visit to America, made our home their headquarters. In the Eighth month they were travelling in the West. Father, mother and Elizabeth had been to Cape May, others of us to the Catskill mountains, but all had gathered at home again in time for a First day together. Early next morning as mother was returning from the bath to her own room to dress she was seized with suffusion on the brain and lost consciousness. For two hours she lingered, and on Eighth month 27th she quietly breathed her last. Thus was our home bereft of a loving, faithful mother, and father of his life-long companion. When, in 1814, a boy of fifteen, he reached Philadelphia to visit his uncle and aunt Warder, he was told to greet his cousin Caroline with a kiss. She was but a child of twelve, the youngest of a large family, her oldest sister Mary Ann already married to John Bacon before her birth. So the two young cousins shared each other's pursuits, studied French together and corresponded when Caroline went to boarding school, father in the meantime getting a business training with his uncle and cousins.

It was not without a mental struggle that, as their love ripened, they permitted themselves to decide on marriage. Their separation during a year's visit home by father helped to settle their decision. Grandfather Cadbury was opposed to it; so was the Discipline. But the Warder parents looked at the matter

with more lenient eyes, and were very kind to the young people during their early married life. The ceremony was performed on Eighth month 22d 1822. They were re-instated to membership by the Quarterly Meeting about ten years later.

We have no record of the residence of our parents in their early married life. After boarding for awhile they went to house-keeping; mother, young and inexperienced, had much to learn, and grandmother gave wise and judicious advice. They were living with the Warder parents when grandfather died in 1828. A letter from grandmother Cadbury to her sister Ann Warder from Islington Row, Twelfth month 2d 1828, indicates the time of my parents' removal to Fifth and Willow, where Elizabeth was born.

"Joel and Caroline gave me the joyful news thou had been to see them, and I do hope thou art quite reconciled to their leaving thee. I may acknowledge I felt at first a little tried at the thought of their going; but now they are so nicely settled, with the prospect of another, and thou art provided with one who I judge from all accounts is well qualified to make thee and [thy son] William happy, and with thyself enjoy the innocent company of the little dears who often visit grandmother and share in your mutual kindness and look at aunt Cadbury's little books."

Two years later our parents were at "119" Race, where the first Joel was born First month 15th 1831. On that day there was such a deep snow a passage had to be cut through the drift to get down the high front steps to the pavement. You will remember it was from this home they moved to Franklin Square in 1840.

In the summer of 1869 a cable message was sent me in England, whither I had gone the previous autumn with the Gibbins cousins, that father wanted me at home. Richard was in

England for a brief visit and we returned together. Father was failing in health and strength and his sorrow had helped to age him. He was just about able to attend Joel's marriage to Anna K. Lowry at Orange street meeting 12th month 1st 1869. Emma served as one of their bridesmaids. They settled at 403 South Eighth street. It is not in my province to record the growth of their family, interesting as it would be. It was their eldest child, Elizabeth Bartram, who urged the preparation of this Record.

Gradually father's bodily powers failed, and he was confined to bed till on the 23d of Third month 1870 he was released. The constant inquiries at our house during his illness and the many who attended his funeral attested the honor, love and respect in which he was held. He was buried beside mother and Caroline in the Friends' grave yard at Germantown.

There were now four of us left at home, Elizabeth, Sarah and Emma, and John W. who was engaged to be married to Rebecca Warner. The summer of 1870 was spent in England by Elizabeth and Emma; Richard and Lydia joined John W. and myself during their absence.

But the house was too large and expensive for the three sisters to maintain and in the spring of 1871 we left Germantown, bought 1530 Cherry street, a small house not far from Richard, who lived at 1727 Filbert street. We moved thither a few months before John W. married and settled in his present home on Locust avenue, Germantown, where for thirty-seven years he was granted an ideal married life.

At that time the Pennsylvania Rail Road Station was in West Philadelphia, and Filbert street, now occupied by the rail road, contained rows of large, comfortable houses. With the advent of the elevated road in 1881 all property along its line depreciated in value and appearance and the houses were vacated by their owners.

With the breaking up of the parental home this Record finds its natural conclusion. Yet I will add a few more impressions germane to the chronicle.

Two facts are worthy of note : one is that following the death of our father in 1870 no break occurred in the circle of brothers and sisters for twenty-seven years, when on Third month 13th 1897, Richard, during an attack of gout, died suddenly in the night. Sister Lydia outlived her husband seven years. The other is the annual gathering of our parents' descendants—Thanksgiving day with John W. and Rebecca, and Christmas day alternating with Joel and Anna and the three sisters. These were continued till the number outgrew the strength and room to entertain, and since 1905 only occasional family parties have been held. As the whole circle now musters seventy, it makes a goodly show when it is possible (which is seldom) to secure the attendance of four generations.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUR PARENTS.

I must try and give some idea of the personal appearance of our parents. Father's likeness to his own father was more marked than in any of his brothers. But they none of them possessed grandfather's stately bearing, which led to his being called the "Earl of Edgbaston." The similarity of the four brothers in small, familiar ways was striking. Father was of medium height, a spare frame, alert and active; he wore low, tie shoes and long white stockings, a turn over collar with black ribbon slipped under it and loosely tied in front. Until his very last years, when he was obliged to have one, he wore no overcoat even in cold weather, but as he walked in the chill wind eyes and nose streamed, requiring the use of the big red silk bandana handkerchief. He never had any need for eye glasses.

Mother's appearance was that of a Friend of the day. Her thin muslin cap was tied with narrow ribbon under her chin; a wide net collar at the neck or a muslin kerchief such as elderly Friends used to wear. Her bonnet, as I first remember it, was the "sugar scoop" style, and of white silk. Later on its shape was modified and more modern, of dark silk. White bonnets were usual for best, we daughters wore them, silk or uncut velvet, casing or drawn tight over a bonnet frame.

Father was generous and open handed and but few could have known the extent of his benefactions. Some years after his death a sum of money was returned to his children by the family of a Friend whom he found in much distress for that amount and promptly supplied. That his generosity has been blessed to his children, I cannot doubt. Mother's benefactions were equally

timely and sincere. Wee notes and letters to her children we still possess witness the yearning of her heart for their moral and spiritual welfare.

When Emma was about four years old our family picture was taken by daguerreotype for uncle John in England, the three elder children in a group by themselves. The likenesses are all good with the exception of mother, who never made a satisfactory picture or one that did her justice.

This was long before the day of "governed parents," if I may borrow the phrase of a modern parent. The children neither ruled nor governed the household. At meal times we were a large table full, and without inquiry as to our preferences we ate contentedly of the food placed before us. An old English custom at our table was having the pudding before the meat. A guest once laughingly described his feelings when having a large gooseberry pudding (let us say) served and partaken of as the first course at dinner, a full course of turkey and vegetables followed. This, of course, was not the daily method.

While at the table let me give an anecdote of little Emma seated in her high chair to the right of her father. She can still dimly recall the youthful reasoning which led her to exclaim, "Father, if we had no stomachs our bread and butter would fall on the floor!"

The daily Bible reading, by father, was at the close of breakfast before the family left the table.

This imperfect Record of our early life fails, perhaps, to fully convey what was the essential part of our home—the prevailing spirit which over-ruled all. There was a unity in the family life which bred and fostered an affectionate interest in one another, and which has never been wholly lost. Though our training was strict the subjection to parental rule was not galling. Our parents believed in conformity to Friendly usage as to dress and address and desired their children to follow their example. I have spoken

of their wish as to our friends and companions being of our own religious Society, and with the exception of a few of William's friends during a part of his social life there was no deviation on our part from their desire.

The changes which have developed since our parents' day were dimly known in theirs, and they were never called upon to alter their whole trend of conviction as to externals. How well I remember the trial it was as a small child to wear the peculiar dress; our straw bonnets had nothing but the ribbon strings, not even the bit of ribbon across the straw cape, which was usual as a simple finish to the bonnet.

Before William's death he obtained a "plain coat" as an expression of his Christian testimony. When Caroline returned from England she adopted what is known as the Friend's bonnet, Elizabeth having put on hers two years earlier. Much more stress was laid on the matter of dress and address in those days than you of the younger generation are accustomed to hear; perhaps to the overshadowing of that more essential part, of which the outward appearance was only intended to be the expression of an inward Life.

There were no social or religious activities in connection with the Friends' congregations—no Tea Meetings, no First Day Schools, either mission or Friends'; no Round Table gatherings to bring older and younger together and stimulate inquiry as to our principles. Only members of mature years were placed on committees, and few, if any, young people took active part in the business meetings. Yet the young Friends were held to the Society to a large degree, and were loyal to its teaching.

How well our parents succeeded in instilling into their children upright, honorable and religious principles, the younger generation can decide.

NOTE.—In 1912 your aunt Elizabeth, now in her eighty-fourth year, with her one hundred and eighty-fifth doll, brought to a close the series of dolls she has knit since about 1850. Most of these dolls were given to the babies of three generations in her family in England and America ; some to her friends, while others were sold and the proceeds sent to a summer charity. Many a stray, leisure moment was spent in this knitting, and the boy in various stages of growth was a familiar sight in our home. Each doll was tightly filled with cotton ; a couple of small bells tucked in under the hat pleased with the rattle. It was a chosen companion for the nursery, the ride in the coach, the daily bath, or as a solace in the crib.

Elizabeth Sadbury died

3 mo. 5. 1905

Sarah Sadbury died

8 mo 15. 1908

Charles Sadbury
1912

Contemporary Records.

Family Clippings.

Gathered from an old manuscript book begun by Elizabeth Cadbury, Fourth month 1855 to recall "memories of the past of our early days when our parents were in the prime and vigor of life, and their children around them, living in harmony and love."

THE LITERARY BOX.

On the 17th of Fifth month 1855 our cousin George Barrow was married to Susan H. Kemp at Brighton, England. [He was the first of his generation, in England, to marry.] To commemorate which event Joel came from Haverford, and with Richard and Lydia and their two children we dined together on that day on roast beef and plum pudding. To make a pleasant impression on the minds of the grandchildren all the dolls were collected, amounting to twenty-six, and arranged on the nursery sofa, which amused them till tea time. In the evening, it being near my [twenty-sixth] birthday I was presented with several nice presents, after which our first *Literary Box* was produced, which was composed of original contributions from most of the family.

[From the second Literary Box, opened Twelfth month 29th 1855 comes :]

TEN YEARS AGO.

Ten years ago, how different was our circle from what it is now! Look at Emma, she was only three years old, quite as

stout as she is at present, so that we gave her the title *Thin*. She did not go to school then, but being the only little one at home amused herself with dolls and kittens, the latter nearly squeezing to death with her love for them, much as she now treats the precious English cat. She will soon be a woman now, and glad to release her mother by making pies, etc., when needful.

Who would have thought poor, puny little Sarah of five years, the delicate one of the family, would have sprung up such a fine, tall girl full of fun and mischief. I remember when a word or look from William would make her weep, and then, as a source of comfort, in would go her fingers, the never-failing solace. [At 13 S. broke herself of sucking her two middle right hand fingers.] Now that is laid aside, she is "no longer of the children but of the Young Ladies."

Oh John and Joel, which of you was most troublesome ten years ago! How window panes were broken, the water played with, the paint cut and dirtied, to say nothing of dirty foot marks up the clean scrubbed stairs. Sad days those were for particular mother, who liked the house in order, and whose eyes must have been brighter to fulfill the nightly task of mending torn knees, etc. I could not pretend to tell all the mischief you committed, and how we always called Joel the *eel*, so slippery was he, thinking him safe at our side and the next minute playing with the water in the yard, with John to help.

I wonder some of the quiet spirit of their sister Caroline was not felt by them, for she was always as gentle as now, needing some one to take her part, as too bashful to do so herself. Was not William her faithful champion and companion, whether sitting together knitting and reading by turns or walking hand in hand to meeting. How beautiful is such love, and may it continue increasing with years till gray hairs shall cover their heads.

Elizabeth was just grown up in those days, feeling quite matronly as she now does with so many younger brothers and sisters.

She had not left school then and might generally be seen with two or three little ones going to and fro with her. Was always ready for any fun and very fond of her brother Richard.

Ah, Richard, ten years have made quite a difference in thee. I think we had just begun to respect thy feelings by using the term *cover* instead of *Lid* [Lyd.] I wonder if we really thought she would be our sister; then thee did blush sadly and pretend it was something else we were talking about. Now thee has a nice house of thy own, to say nothing of wife and little ones, and instead of lessening the family circle thee has only added more links to love and cherish.

Mary Ann has not altered one bit! She even then darned the stockings, and had more to clear up with so many to disarrange. She liked to visit the poor and afflicted, regardless of pouring rain and piercing cold. In fact, she has changed less than any one.

Father and mother are ten years older notwithstanding their happy visit to England within that time. Who would not feel old with so many grown-up children? May it be the pleasure of each one of us to soften the decline of life and endeavor to repay in a measure all that they have faithfully done for us.

ELIZABETH.

MAKING IRON HOLDERS.

BY C. W. C.

It has always been our custom to sit down together some rainy morning and make a number of iron holders. For the last few times we have chronicled each period in the following manner.

No. 1.

This is to certify that we made 24 iron holders the 22d day of Third month 1849. Elizabeth, Mary Ann, Caroline W. Cadbury Sr. When shall we three meet again.

No. 2.

On the 17th of Third month 1850
In the very same place, Philadelphia City,
The same party of three sat down to complete
Twenty-four more holders that look very neat.
They found six from the last batch left over
And make this memorandum a means to discover
How long the said holders will last them this year.

No. 3.

Second month 21st 1851
Once more I record all the holders we've done,
Twenty-nine are completed, the most of them new,
And three were re-covered, we thought they might do,
With six that's left over from last year's supply,
Makes the thirty and eight on whose use we rely.
It pours down of rain, 6th day of the week
We all dine together, with no need to seek
Amusement without as there's plenty to do
With knitting of mats and a torn frock to sew.
Son Richard called in on his way to the store,
I trust he may do so always—ever more.
Aunt Janney is sick, to us a great care,
Inasmuch as her life is in danger we fear.
Oh what may not happen as time passes away,
But may we meet together at some future day.

No. 4. 1853.

The first of Fourth month we assembled again,
Though our labors at this time seemed almost in vain ;
So many to visit stopped in for a call,
That we really believed we could not finish at all.
However, completed by dint of we three

Thirty-seven new holders, a motley they be.
E. Smith thought it novel so much to prepare
And Mary Cadwallader knew it was rare,
Though they each did acknowledge the management good
To have all of them ready, come whenever you would.
Uncle Benjamin called, a proposal to make,
That a visit to England I with him should take.
I forgot there were four in the place of but three ;
Elizabeth, wretched, been sick a long time,
And Carry was added to her help and mine,
These with Mary Ann Cadbury much could be done,
So now all is finished instead of begun,
Mary Ann, Elizabeth, Carrie and me,
This first of Fourth month 1853.

No. 5.

Tenth month 23d again we have met,
Fourth day of the week, dismal, gloomy and wet,
Children's school has kept in, a cloud in the sky,
A very good reason we all conclude why.
The holders quite gone, the bag bare and empty,
Determined us on till we had full and plenty.
Four of us at work, begun long after nine
And only completed at full dinner time.
But we counted and counted till fifty were done,
All nicely fixed off and new covered each one.
We thought daughter Sarah might join us next time
And then we should finish perhaps ninety-nine.
However, the fifty three years will last out
And then we'll recount what we all are about.
Mary Ann on the eve of a leave taking start,
A visit to Pittsburg, in two days she depart.
From vexatious housekeeping all the time free.

Saucy waiter departing, cook that ignorant be,
That is just now our fix, may we change for the better,
And when good one presents let's be favored to get her.
Master William been sick, intermittent disease.
The weather quite mild, no plants do yet freeze,
The grapes are unplucked and look very good
And could we but reach them, assuredly would ;
But into our keg full of apples we'll dive
Twenty-third of Tenth month 1855.

LINES

on the death of our English cat,
who died Third month 18th 1856, aged two years, eight months.

Poor little Royal dear,
Had we known thy death so near
Kinder would have been to thee
Our treatment of thy majesty,
Poor Royal.

Oh, soon, too soon, thy life is past,
Thy course thou'st run, alas, too fast ;
Thy pranks are o'er and purring done,
And to recall thee can no one,
Dear Royal

Thou descendant of royal line,
Torn in thy youth from England's clime,
America shall hold thy tomb,
And Liberty bewail thy doom,
Our Royal.

Poor little Royal, never more
Will answer to our shrill call,

Thy nimble legs, both hind and fore,
For o'er thee now we throw a pall,
Dear Royal.

WILLIAM W. CADBURY.

[Extract from Diary of Anna Shinn, of Second month 1848.]

Evening. Richard Cadbury and Isaac Sharpless here. Delightful evening. Argument upon the comparative authorities of the King of England and our President. Argument on the spread of Catholicism and the power of the Jesuits in America, and Levin's speech brought in opposing an embassy to Pius 9th. They told the whole story of the Wandering Jew by Eugene Sue. Very interesting, advised not to read it, not suitable. Altogether an exceedingly interesting evening. Talked about the Treaty of Peace with Mexico, etc., etc. Surprised to find that Richard could argue so well. Showed a great deal of knowledge of the English and American governments, and the prerogatives of the two official heads of them.

A Sheaf of Letters.

Having journeyed thus far with the family, an intimate insight into the daily life can in no better way be obtained than from individual pens, which give the characteristics of the writers as well as their version of events. In very few instances is a letter given entire; the extracts selected seem sufficient for the purpose. Thanks to the hoarding propensity of the youngest of the family we have the preservation of much of this material, and this accounts for her name appearing so constantly.

[On a sheet of paper in the handwriting of one of his sisters is a copy of a tribute of father to mother, which he has evidently sent to England, sixteen years after their marriage, probably about 1838.]

However, as my wife is still a stranger among you I might say one word or so about her. The young people by whom we are well surrounded think "Aunt Caroline" what you would call a pretty "clever" woman, a kind, affectionate mother, rather inclined to anxiety on behalf of her children, but firm, and expects prompt and willing obedience; not quick to speak or act; ever at hand to *see* they are properly and comfortably provided for in food and clothing, but in neither foolishly indulgent, in the former studying to please their taste but not pamper it. In the latter none excels in neatness of fit or propriety of colour, and few who

can more quickly handle the needle or scissors to provide them and prepare them. And none in our family here have less work done out of the house for either boys or girls, so handy is she and so industrious from the babies' socks up, doing away with father Warder's oft repeated motto when we were young, that "light-heeled mothers made heavy-heeled daughters." I might add many more "mother's traits" which would develop a mind ever at home in the most important duties of that character, whether it be to the helpless infant, the inquiring and early childhood or the more arduous one of ripening fifteen. These all have their share; it may not be amiss to add if such a mother, the wife and bosom friend of the father, will be the necessary consequence—sixteen years have proved it, the dark day of adversity, the hours of parental distress, or the bright sunshine of prosperity see no faltering, one steady and undeviating track have marked her way. Indeed, I may close with Cowper's words:

" Silent and chaste she steals along
Far from the world's gay, busy throng;
With gentle, yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course:
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and bless'd where'er she goes,
Pure bosom'd as that watery glass
And Heaven reflected in her face."

[C. W. Cadbury to her niece Elizabeth A. Warder, of Springfield, Ohio, Fifth month 18, 1834.]

I may just tell thee our Willy [seventeen months old] runs firmly alone and begins to talk. Elizabeth has proved a most indefatigable student at school some weeks. Mary Ann just beginning to be delighted with botany. Richard as thin and white as ever. Joel [born 1831, died 1836] so mischievous and sweetly

affectionate to manage that we threaten to send him with Elizabeth to be properly curbed. Uncle as happy in his wife and children as ever, and thy aunt Carry feeling herself overflowing with more blessings than she has heart to be thankful for.

[Mother to John and Joel at Haverford School, Sixth month 11th, 1853, day of sailing for England.]

7th day morning, 6 o'clock.

I wanted, dear, dear boys, to have written yesterday but was too much hindered. I cannot leave without saying how much I love you and desire your preservation. Take care about swimming, that is my *care*, but I must leave you and all the rest in His hands who doeth all things well. Be good boys and remember it is your mother's parting wish that you strive most for this—Be tractable and obedient. You will then be prepared to become among the best boys of the school. Farewell, my dear, dear boys—from your mother with whom I know your heart will be this morning.

[Elizabeth to Emma visiting Richard and Lydia at Cheltenham Hills.]

Wild Orchard, (summer 1857),

3d day Afternoon.

Is thee ready to hear from home and how Pussy bears thy absence; she came mewing into the dining room as we sat at dinner, seeming in search of some one. Was it not an exciting scene thine and Richard's departure, so many charges, none of which I hope were forgotten. Sarah started off in search of flowers, returning with pocket handkerchief missing. She then went in search of mint for dinner, bringing some home to plant ready for future use. She spent part of the morn with the boys [John and Joel] fishing and too busy to eat the crackers she took

them. They returned at 12 with 2 eels which are for father's tea. After skinning them they prepared to dress, when Joel, removing his waistcoat, displayed an immense daub of blackberry on his shirt bosom. Instead of putting the fruit in his mouth it slipped between his vest and shirt; so both were scalded. The young gents appeared at dinner looking very nice, though Joel did nearly drop something in his lap and spilt some juice on Caroline's clean gown. However, we got through the meal and then they packed up their carpet bag and were off [for Haverford], Sarah going down and opening the two gates at the foot of the hill, making their way shorter. Father came hurrying out [from town], such signs of a gust, bringing a nice letter from William [at Cape May]. He knows about 40 of the 380 lodgers in the house, but soon expects to know more.

Sarah comes in with a rush. 'Is thee writing to Emma? Tell her some children have been and demolished our flowers, and I have partly fixed them but must finish to-morrow.' Smearcase woman waiting at the Spring, so she is in a great rush down to the road with our neighbor's kettle in addition. Evening—The blow without has sent the old folks indoors. After tea we walked over to Powell's. The cows were let out as we went along. The pony being saddled Sarah took a ride from which she was sent in by a shower through which we hastened home, the bull bellowing at our heels. Mary Ann is darning away, mother writing.

[Mother adds on same sheet:]

We had quite a time to find the meat this morning. Edward putting it away dropped it in a hole and I had to stand over him persuading, coaxing and intreating he should fix the ladder to go to it. He wanted a rope tied round him but I promised if he got buried Thomas could be called to the rescue, and at last shamed him by saying if Sarah were here she would step down in a minute. Such is the enjoyment of a *Boy*, for had we been

without we must have gone ourselves. How splendid the wind sounds and the muttering thunder following slowly the vivid lightning. Moon light to-night is invisible, they are too lovely to miss one, but thee knows we have clouds often intervening to blight the prospect.

[Richard to Emma, inviting to a visit at Cheltenham Hills,
summer of 1857.]

Dear Emma,

Upon making a calculation of the size of our hall (3 yards by 11 yards), the width of our stairway (36 inches), the length and breadth of our biggest bed (7 ft. long, 6 ft. wide), we have concluded that upon application of the R. R. company for an extra locomotive and by a judicious sideways motion through our doors, assisted by the united efforts of Richard, Lydia C., Caroline, Richard T., Sarah and Lydia, to say nothing of our three domestics, assisted also by the power, if necessary, from the mill, pulling, pushing, cheering, lifting, and any number of similar participles in ing, thy fatness might be comfortably accommodated in our house for a number of days to the manifest advantage and pleasure of all parties, to say nothing of all other considerations. (end of sentence).

Come then and enjoy the balmy breezes, the beauties of nature, the song of birds, the stickers of raspberry & blackberry bushes, the cries of children, and dirt, unbounded huckleberries, steam whistles, scythes, cows, dogs, chickens, owls, wrens, peaches, pears, apples, grapes (unripe), peas, etc., etc., etc., etc.

etc.

etc.

etc.

etc.

etc.

etc.

all the above supposed to be filled with delights, for which see dictionary and other works on the country and when found make a note of.

Come while the morning of thy life is blowing,
Come while the fat upon thy ribs is growing,
Come help Sister Lydia while she is sewing,
Come help Brother Richard with his hoeing.

Leave thy home with all its cares,
Bring thy frocks so full of tears
And the clothes thee always wears,
But leave behind thy city airs.

Farewell,
Brother
RICHARD.

[Sarah to Mary Ann visiting aunt Warder in Springfield, Ohio.
Sixth month 30, 1852, from Franklin Street.]

1st day.

Dear Sister,

I thought I must try and write thee a letter as I have not written thee but one. Perhaps Dr. Warder will come here this evening, so we have to have everything ready. Next 4th day school breaks up. Mother is writing to thee I believe. We went to meeting this morning and this afternoon. I have a gum bile at the very back part of my mouth. Last 6th day in the evening we had some friends to tea as follows. [Uncle and aunt Bacon and six of their children: seven of our own family.] We waited. In the evening Frank Bacon, Henrietta Warder, Dr. Thomas, Wm. Warder. In the evening after 9 the ice cream and cake came. I could hardly help laughing, all the men except uncle Bacon and [cousin] Charles Bacon leaped up to help it. I had

so much I could not get it all down. There were 2 Pirimids, one was strayberry and the other Vanilla; there was some mixed cake left from tea and a great big one all iced over and some ice water.

I am going to tell thee a great secret, only mother and Dr. Thomas and myself know it; we were sitting talking when all of a sudden I turned round to mother and said, Oh mother, thee has never paid him his bill. We all burst out laughing, of course everybody looked round but we would not tell what I said. Now mind keep it a secret. But my paper is full, so farewell.

Thy sister,

S. CADBURY.

[To Emma, the school girl: Franklin Square.]

Don't thee know when you stay so late out at school,
Thy Father and I have long made it a rule
So soon as tea's over to bed you should go
Just quietly off without saying "no."
So now get the light without any bother,
Undressing quite nicely call "good night" to mother.

[Caroline to]

2d mo. 1, 1853, Evening.

My dear sister Emma,

I had determined to write to thee this evening to answer thy acceptable little note which I found on my chair last night when I went to bed. Thee devises all sorts of funny places for notes. Does thee remember one thee put under my plate a long time ago, and I wrote a rhyme in return? But alas! my poetical

talent has vanished into the art and mystery of sewing and writing plain, matter of fact notes. I will now give thee a little advice as regards getting dressed in the morning with more alacrity. It seems to me like a great waste of time to take so long. Here, Sarah and thee are very often up first in the morning and are nearly always last excepting M. A. and Wm. Now if thee was to get dressed as fast as possible thee might get some reading done before breakfast, or it is good for the health to take air and exercise, thee might take a run up and down the yard and thereby get a fine color and appetite. Just try on 5th day morning, get right straight dressed, leaving thy hair, as Sarah can put that up [it was plaited in two "pig-tails"] after she is dressed and try the run plan. If it is rainy try the reading plan at the front parlor window, and see if thee don't feel better both in mind and body than if thee poked along at getting dressed. The time may come when thee will be glad thee learned to dress fast, as when thee leaves school, on ironing morning thee will have to hurry up and get thy chamber work done so as to help as soon as possible.

I hope thee will not stay out late again and have to go to bed early.

Affectionately thy sister.

[William to the three in England. 7th month 31, 1853.
Franklin Square.]

I feel almost ashamed to commence writing a letter to you, knowing how poor a return it will be for the many interesting letters that week after week we are favored with. We had almost given up hopes of receiving a letter from Banbury as all others got their papers and letters at the right time, but ours was one day behind hand. I got the letter on 7th day evening at the

P. O. and got home about 6½ o'clock. There was Ips* sitting at the window watching for me, hoping almost against hope that I would bring something up from you. But my innocent conduct on coming in, sitting down at the other window and looking out, and inadvertently asking, "Where's Mary Ann?" and hearing she was at Geo. Trotter's, telling Ips as M. A. had not come home I would go out a little while, removed all her expectations. The shout she gave when on returning in about two minutes with M. A. the latter opened the letter I put in her lap, would have done you good to hear. "Oh, Clever, thee naughty boy, not to tell me sooner!" We could hardly stop reading to go to tea at 7¼ and it was 8 when we got through them. (N. B.—M. A. is now reading the letter to D. L. Ips sitting in the rocking chair drinking it in as eagerly as the first time she heard it.) * * * We have been in truly a broken state this last week; the Girls have I suppose told you of their frolics round the country. (I don't like the dinners down town, for I don't get enough to eat.) Next week I try my hand at frolicing. Mother, don't get anxious about me, as I will do my best to take care of myself, as there will be no one left to do the marketing when I am absent. I hear there is very pleasant company down there [Cape May.] The outside steamers to New York take most of the passengers this year, almost every day taking down and bringing up from there 500 people or more, while the other boats have but 100 or 200. * * * [Next afternoon] 5½ o'clock. Thermometer 97° in shade. Friends from Haverford in town to Q. meeting, and a tremendous hot one it was; report John and Joel well, as is also your ever affectionate son,

WM. W. C.

* His pet name for Caroline.

[Caroline to the parents and Elizabeth in England. John and Joel at Haverford school; Sarah and Emma boarding at Plymouth. Mary Ann visiting Friend Buzby in same neighborhood.]

Franklin Square,
7th mo. 31, 1853.

I have got quite enough of small families as I find it's very lonely when one is away. On 3d day at dinner Richard proposed my joining R. Shinn on her trip to New York, which I strenuously opposed, but he insisted, saying he had been told to do everything to make us happy, another instance of Father's kind consideration of us when he had so many other important matters weighing upon his mind. May we never forget all he has done for us. [This trip was not accomplished.] So 4th day morning after brushing all the beds [sacking bottoms, not springs as at this day] I dressed and went to Anne Warder's where I spent a couple of hours very pleasantly, Henrietta coming in from meeting. Edward Trotter came in in the afternoon and requested me to tell Father instead of ordering one dozen egg spoons to order two dozen. He has been very kind, having been in several times to see after us. William came home at tea time and said that Richard was going to spend the night at Darby [with his family; during their absence he slept and ate at Franklin Square.] So we ate our tea alone and then William went to see if Mary Ann came in the cars, leaving me alone. I got my knitting and was busy repeating poetry at the window when cousin Mary Ann and Caroline Bacon arrived, and they were soon joined by Mary and Annie Levick. Now only fancy quiet little me having all these four to entertain. But Wm. soon returned and then the two cousins left, when Frank Bacon arrived. He staid till ten when W. locked the door and brought down the cake, when a ring at the bell turned out to be James Shinn. I began to wonder what

had come of Mary Ann, when next morn in she came looking quite burned and really seemed fatter. So we spent the morn pleasantly, having much to tell.

Sixth day we were stirring early to get through our work before starting in the 7½ o'clock cars from Market and Schuylkill Fifth. At Haverford depot were Albert Smiley and R. Kimber, W. Bailey, besides sundry others we did not know. We were walking demurely up the path when we saw John running to meet us. So we went into the boy's parlor and were soon joined by Joel, Fred Arthur, J. B. Mellor and John Garrett. * * * We adjourned to our boys' room and all their clothes were emptied on the beds. There was a variety of mending needed, pants patched with different stuff, which we altered, stockings with huge holes, &c., &c. After dinner the two boys and myself went to the meeting house and sat on the stile. Joseph Cartland and Alfred Smiley came along on a walk, the former expressing great sorrow that he could not accompany you. In a drizzle went to the cars, and waited ½ an hour, being accompanied by S. Bettle Jr., who insisted on carrying our bundle to 13th and Arch.

Oh, dear, it has been hot to-day and in meeting this afternoon it was really overwhelming. S. Hillman spoke this morning and this afternoon I saw Ruth Williams fanning away. Such a kindly visit Charles Ellis did pay; he asked if he wrote would it find you before you left for home! Caleb Pierce is they think very near his end, also Joseph Walton much worse.

Second day, ¼ of 2. Just come home from Quarterly meeting; quite a gathering of young people in the lobby. M. A. Loyd and Elizabeth Evans spoke and Elizabeth Pitfield prayed. Shook hands with Jane Scull. Second meeting got through very well. A committee having been named to bring forward a friend to transcribe the minutes they proposed Rachel Scattergood, but no unity being expressed they went on to state she was Joseph's daughter. E. Pearson spoke to me and inquired after you. * * *

[P. S. by Richard.] 8/1. Left my wife and baby at 5 this morning, both very well in the country; Carrie talks like a book, very much as Emma used to do in her young days. So much for the proud father.

[Mary Ann to Elizabeth in England; same date as
two preceding letters.]

Dear Bet,

I think it would perhaps be better to let Wm. tell of my visit to Friend Buzby, as no doubt to thee it would be described in a more graphic manner than I can in any way do. Thou wilt not be surprised to hear that instead of coming home on 3d day eve I did not make my appearance till 5th day morn, Wm. having previous to coming to dinner enquired of his master [B. C. Buzby] what they had done with me.

Third day was a real pour and dismal enough in the country, but towards eve B. C. B. took us a drive up to Whitemarsh, for when they found where the children were they proposed at once taking me to see them. So on 4th day after breakfast John Buzby took his mother and me, and quite a short drive we found it. Jacob Albertson met us at the gate and proceeding towards the kitchen I encountered Sarah and Emma, who were astonished enough to see me, they being busy in the cellar. I went with S. and E. to see the chickens, of which they seem to have the care. They are really very happy. Sarah's face has filled up, making her look really pretty. Emma's filling does not add to her beauty. They are much interested in their samplers, and sit with [J. A.'s wife] and repeat or talk to her. We staid near an hour, getting back time for dinner. In the afternoon three of us went quite a walk along Wissahickon in the mud, and as thee knows I am not much of a climber I had rather a time; leaping from a fence I turned my foot, frightening my escort considerably,

but it did not hurt me again. The place where they board is close to the brow of the hill from which we have that beautiful view of 20 miles round. There are many beautiful places close by and most delightful society. Quite my idea of living in the country. * * * C. will tell of our visit to Haverford. I enjoyed much being with Sophy and Patty Jones, their sister E. Williams, R. Aldrich, &c. The latter says she should not wonder if Smileys do not leave this winter as there is no one in their place.

7th day noon went to see Coz. A. Warder but found she had one of her bad headaches, so was leeched on 6th day, but I went up a little time. Coz. Henrietta was here on 5th day noon telling us a variety of home troubles.

2d day after Quarterly meeting went into 2d street to buy Wm. some more stockings. Went to Aunt Bacon's, and left a message for Coz. Geo. V. Bacon to enquire would it suit at Merrifield's for us to come out on 4th day, and we propose going to Plymouth on 6th day.

[William to Emma, visiting Richard and Lydia, with Caroline.]

Cheltenham Hills,

10th mo. 24, 1858.

Had thee been out here I guess thee would not have been sick as the air is so pure and I could have given thee out door work as I do Ips. We came out here to get out of the paint, and lo! we find another painter at work, who, making the air his pallet and the frost his brush has adorned the trees with every brilliant color. Jimmie [his horse] took Ips, Carrie [niece] and myself to meeting this morning in six minutes from starting. It seemed quite natural to sit in meeting and I had but one bad cough during the time.

At 2 o'clock R. and L. started to ride. * * * After their departure I tried to take a nap in the parlor preparatory to a walk with Ips; but the sounds of revelry and *vice versa* from the nursery prevented its being very sound till the children went to walk, when I went too—to nod. On rising at 3½ I found to my amazement that it was raining, which quite provoked me as I might have walked out in the early and rested in the later part of the afternoon. As I sat lazily debating what to do Ips proposed my writing to thee, so thee has to thank her for this epistle. At 5 p. m. I went down to see the cars pass; and there I found a number of girls all in a turmoil, which was explained by the fact that there were 3 other girls got out the cars when they arrived and pitched into the above mentioned bevy bussing with unsparing lips. Poor things! * * *

I ought to put some poetry in when I address my correspondence to thee, but this time I will decline. Tell Lib I am as well as could be expected. Ips nurses me very kindly and gives me my medicine. I often think how very weak I must have been when here in Sixth month, as many little things recall it.

With love to all I hope to long remain thy affectionate but teasing brother,

WM. W. C.

[Mother to Emma on her birthday.]

Well, Emma, 'tis thy birthday,
Thou'lt see 15 no more,
Thou seems a very youngling
To *me*—now near three-score.

And yet I am not doubting,
Thou feels both old and sage,

Matured and settled body
At Fifteen years of age.

Quite well can I remember
Comparisons I made,
When I was entering just sixteen,
And steady too—and staid.

Why, Twenty nine was *very* old,
Methuselahs were Forty ;
I really thought to live so long
I might get cross and pouty.

And even now I won't forget
The flights of Fancy--tempting,
I dwell upon those memories,
My age, not will, exempting.

Surrounded by my children,
In frolic, fun and glee,
I live those early days again,
Those days from sorrow free.

I had dear cherished Parents,
Sisters and Brothers, too,
And I, the youngling of the flock
Indulgence always knew.

One after one are taken,
Removed from earthly care,
But two of us remaining
Of all the seven there were.

And oh, whilst thus in tracing
This severed household chain,

May we with grateful feelings
Dwell on the past again.

We have our happy circle,
Contented, blithe and gay ;
Harmonious and loving
Affection's gentle sway.

In days when brightened retrospect
Is all that may remain,
How fondly will we cherish
These memories again.

Then Emma may be near three-score, -
Matured in years will be,
And she in life's full vigor
Be full of care as me.

But never think of Mother
Save as I really be,
Affectionate and loving,
And caring much for thee.

And all the dear ones gathered,
My treasures and my joy,
One cherished bond uniting
Our band without alloy.

May we for all these blessings
Our grateful hearts bestow
Upon the One true Source of Love,
From whence these mercies flow.

1st mo. 4, 1859.

[Mother to John and Joel on their Western trip. There had been great excitement in Philadelphia over a visit of a party of Japanese, who drew great crowds to see the strangers driven through the streets.]

Grumblethorp Hall, Chestnut Hill,
First-day, 6th month, 24th, 1860.

I am seated at the Library window, the daughters with [our guest] Sarah F. Smiley just started on a walk. * * * Father at the desk finishing a budget to England. 'Tis 5.30, the day is nearly over, bright and beautiful sunshine, birds singing and all nature looking refreshed. Surely we also with the feathered songsters might join in the hymn of praise for our countless mercies. * * *

To-day we suppose your hearts would be turned towards home and fancy us in our dusty ride [to meeting] but not frisky horse. Dear father has got to driving Jim apparently without care or anxiety, and having him in first rate order, not flourishing round the corner at Barren Hill in your style. I ride behind with our little driver, Elizabeth and Emma with me, whilst Mary Ann, Carrie and S. F. Smiley were in our coach. I think Father could state the increased growth of corn now, but at first [when he was unaccustomed and timid about driving] grain and grass, corn fields and clover had no charms for him. S. F. Smiley spoke very feelingly and was kindly noticed after meeting. She gave us a full description of the Japanese visit to their school, all the excitement produced, their manner of talking, actions, shuffling walk and true politeness. They seem to have had a rational visit to our City, so many quiet and improving sights, and wonderfully showing how far they had progressed in the civilized arts, particularly medicine, in a difficult operation, only the use of ether a novelty.

S. Smiley told us of the visit of Robert Haines and Samuel

Bettle to the Indians. You know how suffering the latter were for want of seed. Money was raised within seven days, \$1500, and after the departure of the committee one of the party was sent forward to have them collected, knowing they move slowly in arranging for their Councils. They were ready, could not believe the Friends offered it as a gift, but were reduced to such emergency for food they were just about resorting to the seed for harvest to keep from starving. When the boats arrived at the wharf they were but six hours in unloading, and the Friends wanted to see it planted. A few more days it would have been too late for promise of a crop. In a spiritual sense the visit seems to have been particularly instructive. They had been at variance among themselves, the two religious sects. S. Bettle addressed them and introduced into his text, "Blessed are the peacemakers," which, after he had finished his discourse, the minister suggested to him he did not think they understood fully. S. B. was led to explain still further, and at the close every one assembled there clasped the hands of each other in token of amity. The committee was told they had not seen an interesting part of the community, women and children, and S. B. feeling free to do so, proposed having all collected next day. One thousand gathered, and much to his surprise, side by side under the pulpit the Episcopal and Methodist ministers, the former having arranged the meeting in his church, and they two having been leaders of the discussion. They had a very solemn time together, the strong men brought to tears, and in the midst of silence which followed S. B.'s discourse there was a simultaneous burst forth of a hymn in such true harmony, it was hard to realize there was no organ to lead the choir. * * *

Next morning: 5.30. Have been up to waken the sleepers, all looking bright and well. I wanted breakfast in good time as S. F. S. often breaks out with some interesting theme at the time, and you know it is a trial to be hurried. Among other

anecdotes she was speaking of A. K.'s child, proverbial for quoting Scripture, about 5 years old. His Father going to the boy's chamber long after going to bed, he said he had been waiting awake to ask a question. He wished to know if the "Commandments could be cracked." We suppose he fancied a little fault committed not exactly amounting to the prohibition of the Bible. It certainly may be a lesson to some of us that we do not only avoid *breaking* but *cracking* commandments.

[Mother to S. and E. at Cattskill.]

Germantown,

8th mo. 22, 1864.

Elizabeth's discomfort about thy fern, Emma, has ended, it has quite revived. This morning she found one of the canaries had strangled itself in the feed-box. My reign of birds is almost ended; ere long I shall get down to the one pet songster in a small cage. This is quite enough now when I am incapable of attending to them.

[Letter from Emma, descriptive of a family gathering to celebrate Mother's birthday.]

At Green and Harvey, Germantown,

On 1st mo. 1st, 1865.

It was storming very much yesterday when Caroline, nurse and babe (Carrie) arrived. It took some time to get off their wraps and get them dried and warm. When it was time for the 4 o'clock train we soon spied the cavalcade of Richard and family, which rejoiced us beyond measure for we greatly feared they would not come. We welcomed them boisterously and ex-

citedly and took them in the dining room, which was strewn with all kind of wrappings. The table of presents was to be spread in the back parlor where we had tea. We had a nice time till tea, the gents dropping in one by one, and Richard made us very merry with his rare remarks, much like Joel in dryness and raciness. When the table was cleared after tea E. and S. stayed in the back parlor to fix the things; it took them but a little while and just as they were coming in to announce all was ready we noticed the gas behaving in a singular manner. It went up and down in regular pulsations and seemed to be going out as it has a way of doing. We were anxious to keep every one out of the back parlor, and there was a grand stampede to the cellar where the gents worked away at the gas meter for a long time. Our first care was for candles, and as I had one minus a stick I spilt grease all down the front breadth of my dress, which of course was a nice one in honor of company. They turned off the gas; poured in water, and I made two excursions to the library through the snow with John and Joel for pincers, a wrench, etc., and between whiles held the candle to the dining room fixture to report to those in the cellar when it burned, four brothers and a nephew there at work. Fortunately the babe kept good, as we were anxious she should be in the room with us. Richard and Lydia expected to go in the 9 train and there was no prospect of the gas burning at 8 o'clock. When our nephew reported the meter played out we concluded to get candles, when, lo, the gas again began to burn; by eleven o'clock it burned all right.

We all adjourned to the back parlor and John W. read all the names one by one out of a cap. Then each one went round the table to hunt up their presents. The babe sat at one end and twisted her face into all sorts of expressions of delight. Finally she began to munch at a candy baby. R. and L. brought a present for each one. Mine was a handsome handkerchief; Elizabeth a balimoral, Sarah a beautiful edition of "Enoch Arden".

gloves for John and Joel, and from the grandchildren for mother a large box of candy. We five children at home presented mother with a pair of butter knives and all of the children gave father a new overcoat. He had not a suspicion it was coming and we hope now he will wear it for it is so very exposing going in and out in the cars. E. and S. together gave Joel a snow shovel. To John W. we three gave Tennyson's poems, a handsome edition, 2 volumes. To John E. a copy of "Enoch Arden." To the rest we gave little things of our own workmanship, hoods, etc. That grindstone John W. got from your house Father gave to Richie and he was delighted with it. Joel, too, gave him a tool. E. and I gave S. a backgammon board, and they to me a blue and gold edition of A. A. Proctor's poems.

Joel made quite a spread with his presents. A book for each one, all nicely done up in the same kind of paper. To our nieces Carrie and Sallie Cadbury he gave each a child's book, and to the babe Carrie Carter a wee little one, "Milk for babes." To S., E. B. Browning's poems in two volumes; to J. W. an elegant edition of Southey's poems. J. W. ever since leaving Haverford has desired a copy like the one they have there, as it was a great favorite of his. To John E. and Caroline "The Schonberg Cotta family", to E. a book by the same authoress, Kitty Trevylan, which is just out. To R. and L. "A new Atmosphere", by Gail Hamilton, which is also just out and which they much wanted. To myself he gave Longfellow's poems, in 2 volumes. Elizabeth from Father received a volume of Bonar's poems. After the distribution of the gifts mother told us she wanted us in the other parlor, where, spread on the table, were her birthday gifts to us. Then we cut a very good cake which we three had procured as a surprise with *Happy New Year* upon it.

It was soon time for R. and L. to pack up and muffle themselves up for the ten o'clock train. They had a large basket full to take, leaving a mantel clock, mother's gift, to be taken in the

morning. The babe meanwhile had been carried off to bed near 9 o'clock, and I told her she had not often sat up so late. We went off to bed after eleven, the two brothers alone sitting up to see the old year out.

I should like thee to have seen our niece, Carrie Carter, not quite two years old. After tea we were all sitting round the parlor and she got grandfather's big silk pocket handkerchief and putting it on as a shawl, with a grave face went round to each one, holding out her hand and shaking, "how do." She would curtsy most comically to each one, all the time maintaining such a sober face. It was too irresistibly funny and we laughed immoderately. Her nurse appeared, and kissing all round she went off to bed as good as could be. Before this Joel had her, carrying her up and down the parlor, and we laughed at him, thinking how odd it would be if it was his own little daughter. So then he got to carrying on fancying she was his, the "exact image of his beloved Anna Maria."

[Father to Emma absent on a visit.]

9 mo. 7th, 1866.

9th month 7th, 1823, Mary Ann's birthday. What a variety I have seen since that day. I do not see we have much but trouble all our lives. Mother had a tolerable good night (we think); she says she had a very poor one and seemed miserable this morning, but after a nap may be as bright as she was yesterday. I left her quiet.

[Father to his sisters in Birmingham.]

Germantown, 9 mo. 1st, 1868.

I hardly know how to begin my letter for the affliction has come so sudden upon me, as it will upon you, to hear my precious

life companion is taken away from me. Yesterday morning at 8 o'clock she ceased to breathe without any pain or struggle. About 5½ o'clock finding the servants had not come down she went up stairs and called them and then got back into bed, when I got up at 6 o'clock and as usual went to the bath house to wash and when I came back she also went and partially dressed herself and put on her dressing gown. As she was coming back J. W. was on the stairs and observed she sat down. Of course he went to her and put his arm around her and helped her to her room, and immediately with a little help from him she lay down and said "Elizabeth." He called Sarah and Emma at once and went for Elizabeth. She saw S. and E. were not quite finished dressing and told them to go and do so, when Elizabeth came into the room and found her entirely speechless and unconscious, and when I came I found her in the same state. We laid her over on her side and at 8 o'clock she ceased to breathe. The Doctor in the meantime had seen her and said it was apoplexy on the brain and all consciousness had entirely gone and that she suffered no pain whatever.

When she went to the bath she seemed just as usual and when she left there she had gone up four steps and seemed to stop there to let the waiter maid pass her with the silver for the breakfast table. J. W. at that moment saw her and said, "Shall I help thee?" She made no reply, nor did he suppose when he helped her on to the bed but that it was one of her old sick spells and wanted Elizabeth to be with her. I had gone down and was sitting at the breakfast table and as she did not come I went up to see what was the matter. We soon all gathered round the bed, and J. E. Carter having spent the night was also there and went immediately to the city to try and bring Richard out to see his mother. They came back on the 9 o'clock train, of course too late.

Sad is it to think we had no last farewells, no look of recog-

dition, and yet how mingled with mercy she was taken without any suffering after so long a time of pain and sickness she has had these two years, and now safely gathered to the Mansions of bliss.

You have heard we were at the sea-side [Cape May] and, with Elizabeth, spent two weeks there, and my dear Wife did so enjoy going into the water, and got home so very comfortably on Sixth day noon and seemed so bright. On 7th day Sarah and Joel came from their three weeks visit to the Cattskill mountains, and she sat up to meet them till 12 o'clock; so we were all at home again. On First day we all went to meeting, though it was very hot, and she walked there and back without any fatigue. J. E. Carter came out to meeting and passed the day with us, so that she was very happy and cheerful having us all together and so like her old self in former times. In the afternoon she called Joel from the library to go into the cellar and get a water melon, and herself got all the things ready for us to have it, as in old times we used to have about 4 o'clock on First day afternoon, and sat down and enjoyed it herself, and would help clear up when we had done. In the evening after tea they all went a walk in the woods, and she and I sat in the beautiful clear moonlight on the piazza whilst I smoked my cigar, which she always enjoyed seeing me do: little did I think it would be the *last time*, and I should so soon be left alone.

Richard and Lydia have been out to spend the morning with us, and cousin Betsey Warder, about 80, who, like my dear wife, is the last of her family, and my wife's only First cousin left. Brother Jeremiah Warder's widow, 82, is the only one of that generation left, so we are narrowing down apace.

[Father to his sisters in Birmingham.]

Germantown, 3 mo. 7th, 1869.

My heart seems to wander away from home and bring me in your midst, reviving old remembrances and happy hours I have spent with you, and claim your sympathy in the desolation of my heart for the loss of my long-loved companion, my precious wife, who in our many years of companionship seemed to fill up every other void. * * * The winter has been very favorable for my daily visits to the city [where I] enjoy the employment in my sons' Counting House, and now the days are getting so long I can return home by sunlight and relieve my daughters' watchful care to meet me on my arrival and see me safe home.

We have now our dear little grand daughter, Sarah Carter, who has become quite a lively companion, full of talk and happy spirits; we hope to have the other two in turn so as to keep them in remembrance of us and feel us as part of their own family. Dear John E. generally favors us once a week to tea, and on 7th day Richard and one of his children. Caroline is become quite a good companion and is very useful at home to her mother.

Our accounts from brother Jeremiah's widow are very discouraging. She fell down in her room some time since and broke her thigh bone, and is entirely confined to her bed. She is under good care with her children around her in her home at Springfield, Ohio.

[Sarah to the English family after father's death.]

Cheltenham Ave., Germantown, 3 mo. 31, 1870.

His illness was such an easy one there has been no labor connected with it, and we are all pretty well. On Seventh day, [Third mo. 26th, the day of the funeral] Richard T. came out in the morning and helped arrange the chairs to seat our friends;

our neighbors, as is the custom, kindly lending till, with our own supply, we must have had over 100 seats. John E. came to dinner, and Richard and his two daughters on a train earlier than the friends were invited, and our little circle gathered round all that was left of our beloved parent laid in his own small library. He looked natural with a calm smile on his face, and his forehead very beautiful.

We sat together up stairs, and the house seemed so quiet it was hard to realize there was any one here, but all down stairs was full as well as up stairs, an involuntary tribute to the love and esteem so generally felt. Thomas Scattergood and Jonathan Evans kindly took charge as people came in to see that our special friends were sent up stairs, and we are told that every thing was beautifully and quietly managed. Elizabeth Allen, an old friend of ours, spoke at the house, opening with the words, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," and how these prayers had been offered for us, and then blended our two loved parents together in their best desires for us. At the grave Edward Marshall spoke and then Samuel Emlen, both very beautiful, and adapted to the mixed assembly. Many were touched I doubt not, and one of our cousins, a strict Church woman, who was hardly able to be there, said she would not have missed it for a good deal.

And then we drove back to our desolate home where all was in nice order for us by our kind servants with help. Anna K. C. and Jeannie Bacon, who has been much with us, saw that the tea table, etc., was all right. We sat down twenty-one to tea, as many of our first cousins as could do so coming back to tea. Aunt Warder's eldest daughter, Sarah Cummings, is staying with her brother George near us; she and mother were intimate and she tells us about the old times. * * * They all felt very near to us, having been affectionate and attentive nieces and nephews of our parents.

Joel and Anna came to us on Fourth day and left us on First day afternoon; the day so very stormy with wind and rain that only the two brothers went to meeting, but it held up by 6 o'clock. Anna has been brought right into the family and will feel one of us now.

It seems as though we were turning a fresh leaf in our lives, and very strange to be left to ourselves, but we are all earnest that the instilled wish of our parents in an unbroken family harmony may ever be kept up, however our lots may divide.

[Elizabeth writing at same date. There had been unusual delay in the letters written to father from England; received after his death.]

We received quite a number of English letters this week. To think of the many years there has been an unbroken correspondence with the absent brothers now has come to an end, but it will be continued with us I hope for we greatly value hearing as we have always been used to. It is something so woven into our past lives that it seems a part of them.

Richard and his three children were here with us at the funeral. Carrie and Richie are much at home with us; Sally has not had the same opportunity as they to know us, but will as she grows older. Dear little Carry Carter was so overcome it was hard to pacify her. She has had much sorrow in her short life. We shall now be able to help in the care of these three nieces, if only to have one of them stay with us, as at present; Sally is a cheery visitor. I looked at her playing with her dolls and singing to herself, she seemed so happy.

, 1796-1857.

Sheppard.

(10) **Caroline**, 1801-1868.

m. Joel Cadbury, of Birmingham, Eng.

11 children.

Ann,
1803-1866.

(10) Emma Joel,
1811-1905.

m. Thomas Gibbins.

7 children.

1849-1908,

m. Anna K. Lowry, 1846,
1869.

6 children.

3 grandchildren
in 1912.

Joel, Jr.

31, x, 1838.

Sarah,

5, xi, 1840.

Emma,

4, i, 1843.

en
C

m. Thon

JOHN WARDER, of Philadelphia, Penna. [London, England, 1776-1786.]

1751-1828.

ANN HEAD, of Ipswich, England,

1758-1829.

[First visit to Philadelphia 1786. Settled in Philadelphia 1788.]

Married 10. viii, 1779.

10 children.

- | | | | | | | |
|---|--|---|-----------------------------------|--|---|---|
| (1) Jeremiah, 1780-1849.
m. Ann Aston.
12 children. | (2) Mary Ann, 1782-1863.
m. John Bacon.
12 children. | (3) John Head, 1784-1843.
m. Abigail Hoskins.
6 children. | (6) William Savery,
1791-1831. | (7) Elizabeth, 1793-1851.
m. Israel Janney.
11 children. | Benjamin Head, 1796-1857.
m. Rebecca Sheppard. | (10) Caroline, 1801-1868.
m. Joel Cadbury, of Birmingham, Eng.
11 children. |
|---|--|---|-----------------------------------|--|---|---|

RICHARD TAPPER CADEBURY, of Exeter, and, from 1794, Birmingham, England.
1768-1860.

ELIZABETH HEAD, of Ipswich, England,
1768-1851.

Married 5. x. 1796.

10 children.

- | | | | | | | | |
|--|--|---|----------------------|--|--|--------------------|--|
| Sarah,
1797-1878.
m. John Earrow.
6 children. | Benjamin Head,
1798-1880.
m. Candia Wadkin.
8 children. | Joel,
1799-1870.
[To Philadelphia, 1814.]
[Settled in Phila. 1820.]
m. Caroline Warder.
11 children. | Maria,
1800-1887. | John,
1801-1889.
m. (2d) Candia Barrow.
7 children. | James,
1802-1888.
m. Lucretia Sturge | Ann,
1803-1866. | (10) Emma Joel,
1811-1905.
m. Thomas Gibbins.
7 children. |
|--|--|---|----------------------|--|--|--------------------|--|

JOEL CADBURY married CAROLINE WARDER
in Philadelphia, 21. vii, 1822.

- | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|--|----------------------------|---|---|-------------------------------|---|---|---|------------------------|----------------------|
| Mary Ann,
1823-1861. | Richard,
1825-1897.
m. Lydia C. Shinn, 1828-1904,
1850 | John,
1827-1832. | Elizabeth,
22. v, 1829. | Joel,
1831-1836. | William Warder,
1832-1859. | Caroline Warder, Jr.
1834-1867.
m. John E. Carter,
1862. | John Warder,
29. ix, 1836.
m. Rebecca Warner, 1849-1908,
1871.
5 children.
7 grandchildren
in 1912. | Joel, Jr.
31. x, 1838.
m. Anna K. Lowry, 1846,
1869.
6 children.
3 grandchildren
in 1912. | Sarah,
5. xi, 1840. | Emma,
4. i, 1843. |
| Caroline,
1851.
m. Thomas K. Brown,
1876.
6 children.
4 grandchildren in 1912. | Richard Tepper,
1853.
m. Helen V. Nathans—d. 1907,
1854.
4 children. | Sarah Shinn,
1855-1876. | Caroline,
1863.
m. William C. Wairen,
1879.
2 children. | Sarah,
1865.
m. C. Walter Borton,
1899.
3 children. | Elizabeth Cadbury,
1866. | | | | | |

[Sarah speaks of the visit.]

Carrie Cadbury spent two days with us this week, and a bright, cheery companion she is; her place is taken by Sallie Carter, whom Anna K. C. brought out to us, and she will stay awhile. She is a dear little sunbeam, very happy with her dolls and scrap books, and thou ought to see her sewing, very earnest and interested with an old napkin, needle and thread, or cutting out towels, and having her little work basket, bringing her thimble out with her in her pocket.

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